The SENIOR SPECTATOR

1923

Dad's Home!

That the great time in the American home —when Dad arrives in the evening.

There's a running jump for him with a kiss from all the family. The news of school and all the day's happenings at home are handed to Dad in great "gobs" and at the evening meal all the little family problems are thrashed out. It's a wonderful satisfaction to have Dad come home to "settle" things.

Dad too has good news to tell of the office—big things accomplished today; orders landed, special jobs completed, bonuses earned—everything running fine. Gee!! it's great when Dad comes home.

Then there's the doing of the whole wide world and every Johnstown Dad makes sure that his family has the world's news while it is news—through the TRIBUNE. He takes no chances there. Dad and all the family depend on the Tribune —they read it regularly—it's A PART OF THEIR HOME LIFE.

Into thousands of homes in this locality progressive merchants follow Dad daily with their message, certain that all the family will get it.

The Tribune

CHAS. W. SYMONS

Dealer In

CIGARS, CIGARETTES *and* TOBACCOS

Newspapers, Magazines, Pipes,

Candies, Pocket Billiards

Main Street

The Johnstown Ledger

Serves you best in

News and Service

The authority here

on

Sports
Local and World News
Radio

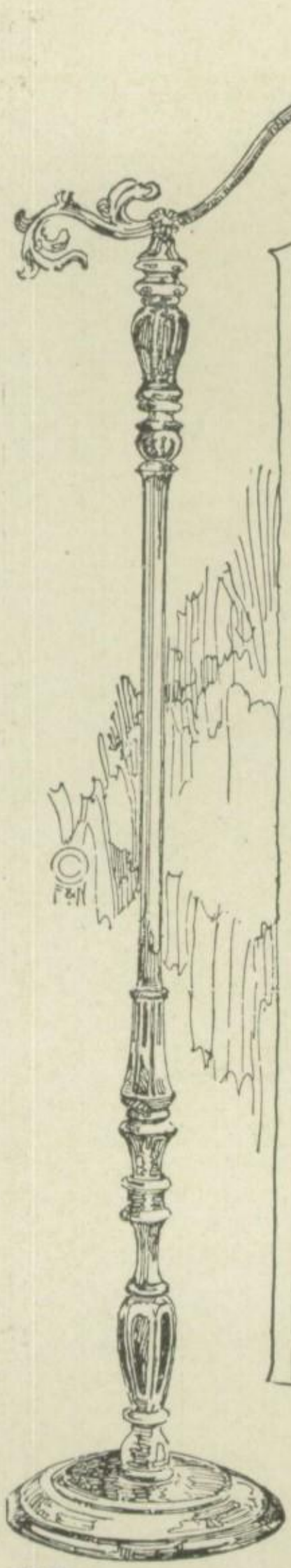
¶ The leading merchants feature their daily messages in The Ledger.

Classified Advertisers say it brings the best results.

Read

THE LEDGER

Every Day



New Furniture

in a

New Department

Furniture that bears the stamp of the master.

Everything from the most massive suite to the smallest footstool.

A wonderful selection of floor lamps

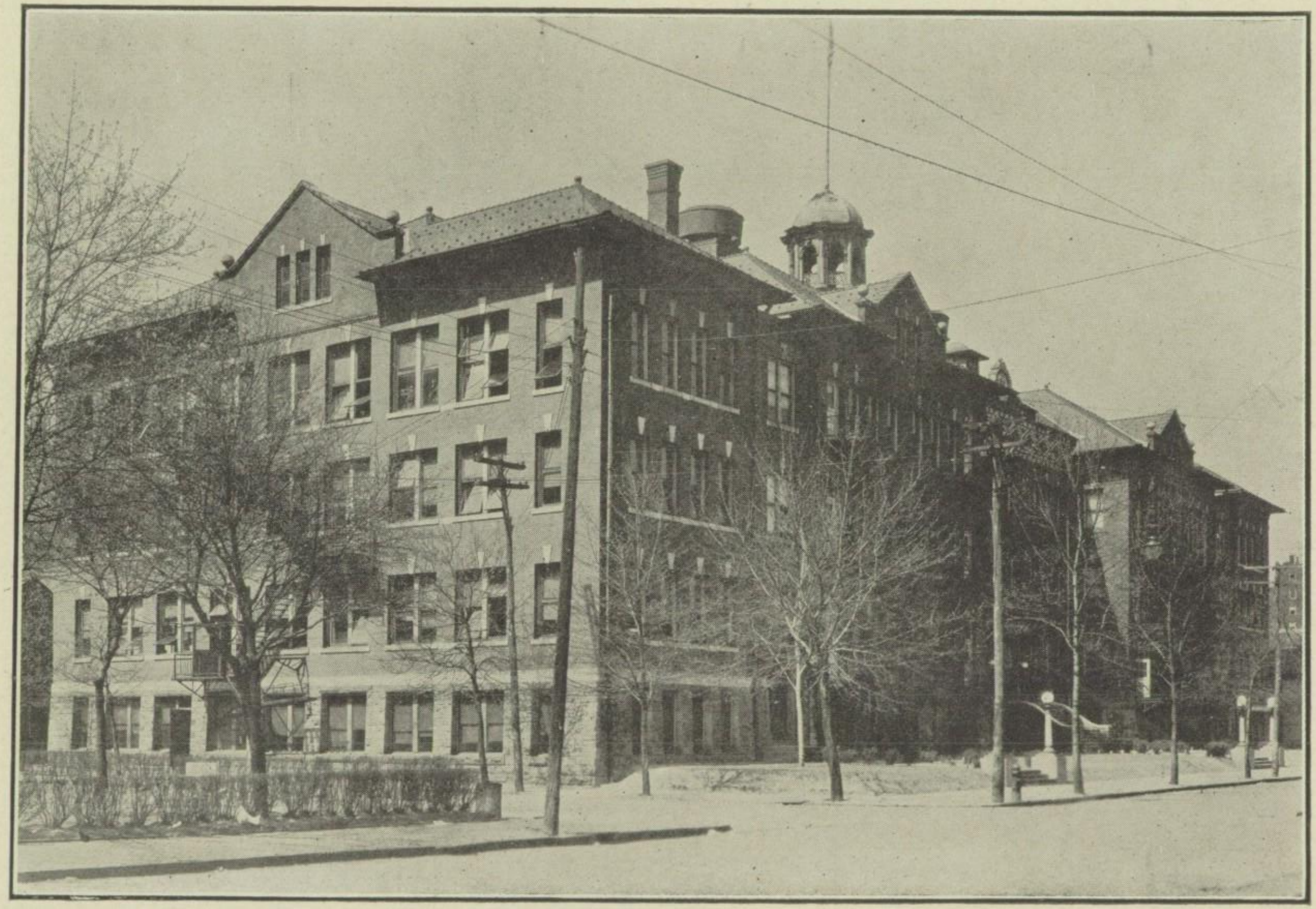
PRICED REASONABLY

Nathan's, The Big Store

MAIN STREET — FRANKLIN STREET — LINCOLN STREET

Third & Fourth Floors

Lincoln Street



JOHNSTOWN HIGH SCHOOL

Table of Contents

Cover Design ..... Thora Lauridsen
Frontispiece High School
Dedication 8
Commencement Program 9
Honor Roll 12
Class Officers 13
Senior Class 14
Literary Department 65
The Wrong Door ..... Marjorie Kerr, '23 65
The Clothes and the Man ..... Jean McDougall, '23 69
One Up ..... Harry S. Phillips, '23 71
Gloria's Return ..... Catherine Oppy, '23 73
The Man Who Had Plenty of Time ..... Marie Coco, '23 75
Burglars ..... Paul D. Olejar, '23 76
Missing Apparatus ..... Harold Nickel, '23 79
Her Senior Dance ..... Beatrice Thomas, '23 81
A Chinese Mystery ..... Robert Kahl, '23 83
The Return ..... Agnes Hartnett, '23 84
His Bet ..... Edith Otto, '23 86
Nancy's Triumph ..... Catherine Murdock, '23 89
The Brown Hat ..... Philip Curran, '23 91
Cien Pies a la Izquerda ..... Paul Morrissey, '23 94
Their Adventure ..... Dwight Adams, '23 98
To a Captive Bird ..... Agnes Hartnett, '23 101
Snapshots 102
Class Horror-Scope 105
Principal's Page—Public High School Students Lead in Scholarship 112
Spectator Staff Picture 113
Staff Page 114
Editorials 115
To Twenty-three ..... W. McH. 115
Our Dreams ..... E. N. N. 116
Student Council 117
School News 118
Music in the High School ..... G. B. 121
Basketball Team 122
Athletics 123
Faculty 125
Exchanges 126
Dramatic Club 129
Alumni Notes 130
Cartoon 132
Senior Plans 133
Characteristics 135
Ruthless Rimes 136
Cartoons 139
Jokes 140
Advertisements 141

Dedication

WE, the members of the class of 1923, gratefully dedicate this number of the "Spectator" to our fathers and mothers, whose self-sacrifice has made possible our present attainment. The advantages and opportunities which have been ours, has been due to their devotion. To them we owe our appreciation.

Expression of Gratitude

TO our faculty advisers, Miss Katharine M. Ulery and Mr. J. W. Hedge, who have labored so hard to make our "Spectator" a success, we, the class of 1923, extend our gratitude.

Senior Program

Senior Chapel - - - - - - **May 31**

Senior Picnic - - - - - - **June 1**

Senior Vacation - - - - - - **June 1-8**

Baccalaureate Sermon - - - - - **June 3**
(First Lutheran Church—Rev. H. W. Snyder)

Senior Operetta, "The Bells of Beaujolais" - **June 5-6**
(High School Auditorium)

Commencement - : - - - - - **June 8**
(High School Auditorium)

Senior Dance - - - - - - - **June 15**
(Westmont Grove)

Class Colors—Blue and Gray.

Class Flowers—Lily of the Valley.

Class Motto

"Anything is possible to him who tries."

Autographs

Louis Block Kenneth Hill

Frank K Bloom Madge Davis

Harold W. Nickel

Donald Bird Claire Grunthaler

Chas Laporato Jack Buckner

Henry Birk Jake Hammel

John O. Bowman

Lawrence Stieb

Francis Fohman.

Jay Bollinger

Robert R. Walters '31

Eugene Driscoll

Walter Keene

D Adams Madeline Elliott

Raymond Haddle Emilie Wallerstein

George Wm. Mozyo Lenore Hirschberg

Anita Adams

Autographs

Harry Swanks Phillips

Josephine A. Young

Edith Otto

D. J. Locke

Paul Dalgar

Harold Barendorf

Wilbur Whitt

Charles Getty

Harry Opsky

Sam Ours

Melda M Kinsel

Bee Thomas

Cordia Pharr

Maryanne Kerr

Emmaleen B. Homer.

Helen Will

Rolland Conroy

Robt. Kidd

Agnes Hartnett

J. D. Popejoy

Lawrence B Fritz

Verda Funk

Albert Dale

Katharine M. Ulery

Bob. Monaghan.

George Lee

Richard Boyle

Jay Maley

Eddy Getty

Dora Matter

Weenie Akers.

Mary Horner.

Class of 1923

Honor Roll

Highest Honor

Verda Mae Fink

High Honor

Beatrice C. Thomas
Sara Silk
Mary Louise Kuckuck
Anna Silk
Madeleine E. Elliott
Eva N. Neafach
Paul C. Morrissey
Catherine Oppy
Nellie C. Robertson
Geraldine M. Beas

Honor

Marjorie Kerr
Thora Lauridsen
Ida Reese
Nellie Soule
Dwight J. E. Adams
John Hornick
Jay Lewis Bollinger
Rosemary A. Meyers
Rhoda Dorer
Dorothy Hoffman
Harry Swank Phillips
Betty German

Class Officers

JAY MALEY
President

MADELEINE ELLIOTT
Vice President

MARY BLANCHE FOSTER
Secretary

LOUISE KREBS
Treasurer

Class of 1923

DWIGHT ADAMS **"Sparks"**

A-B Club
Wireless Club
"The Gypsy Rover"

"Thinking of his friends as well as himself,
This true leader is honored."

LUDWINA AKERS **"Weenie"**

Girls' Sports Club
May Day Festival
"Army and Navy"
Girls' Glee Club
High School Orchestra

"A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience."

GERALDINE BEAS **"Geraldine"**

A-B Club

"Oh, this learning, what a thing it is!"

JOSEPHINE BEAUJON **"Jo"**

May Day Festival
Girls' Sports Club
"Army and Navy"
Girls' Glee Club

"She will do noble things, not dream them all day long."

MILDRED C. BIGLER **"Skid"**

"Glee Club"
"Yanki San"

"Her air had a meaning, her movements a grace;
You turned from the fairest to gaze on her face."

DONALD BIRD **"Don"**

Current Events Club
Pep Club
Dramatic Club

"A smile for one and all,
Has this friend of ours."

RALPH BIRK **"Birk"**

Dramatic Club
A-B Club
Current Event Club

"He with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform is diligent to learn."

JOHN BLIMMEL **"Hunce"**

Basketball
Ass't Manager Basketball, '21
Student Council

"He laughs and the world laughs with him."

LOUIS BLOCK **"Lou"**

Chess Club
South American Club
Tumbling Team

"He counts that day as lost whose low descending sun,
Views in his hand no worthy action done."

FRANK BLOOM "Irish"

Wireless Club

"This hard working student is sure to reach success."

NANCY BLOUGH "Hanks"

Dramatic Club

"Thy voice was ever soft and low, an excellent thing in woman."

HENRY BOCK "Slippery"

Pep Club
Orchestra
Glee Club
Volleyball Club, '21

"He has a cordial voice
That does one good to hear."

JAY BOLLINGER **"Jay"**

Pep Club
A-B Club
South American Club
Spectator Staff

"A writer is not honored in his day,
But is remembered by following generations."

JOHN BOWMAN **"Roundy"**

Pep Club
Dramatic Club
Interclass Basketball, '21½.

"A jolly fellow, full of fun,
Makes a good school friend."

RICHARD BOYTS **"Dick"**

Wireless Club
Tumbling Team
Basketball

"Of small beginnings, ye are great and strong;
Based on a faithful heart and weariless brain."

GRACE BRODERICK **"Doey"**

Orchestra
Movie Club
"Yanki San"
Spring Concert
"Waiting for the Trolley"
Girls' Glee Club—4 years
May Day Festival

"Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony."

ADA BURKHART **"Shorty"**

A-B Club—2 terms

"She is small, she has eyes;
She's a terror for her size."

ALTA BUTERBAUGH **"Dutch"**

"Yanki San"
Glee Club
Spring Concert

"Life is short and care will come,
So go it, girlie, while you're young."

IVAN CHURCHILL **"Churchy"**

"Neither too sober, nor too gay,
But a rare good fellow."

MARIE JANE G. COCO **"Kok"**

Glee Club
Basket Ball
Base Ball

"Her eyes are of a deep black,
With a wondrous, witching charm."

LYNN CONRAD **"Cony"**

Sketch Club
Art Editor, '23
Lettering Club

"An artist who lives to build, not boast."

ROLAND CONROY **"Cony"**

Band
Orchestra
Geology Club

"His chiefest wish strong friendship is to make,
He shares his joys with everyone who'll take."

CLAIR BOOTH CROTZER **"Crotz"**

Orchestra Band
Football, '21
Basketball, '23
J. H. S. Minstrel
"The Nativity"
"Motherland"

"A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
And confident tomorrows."

ROBERT CUNNINGHAM **"Bob"**

"We grant, although he had much wit,
He was very shy of using it."

PHILIP CURRAN **"Phil"**

Current Events Club
A-B Club

"The quiet person may seem queer,
While in his work he is sincere."

KATHARINE ENDORA DAVIS

Girls' Sports Club
May Day Festival

"She has a pleasant look upon her face,
Which speaks of an inborn grace."

MADGE DAVIS **"Squire"**

May Day Festival
Girls' Sports Club
"Army and Navy"
Glee Club

"Cheerfulness greases the axles of the world."

HELEN DIEFENBAUCH

Interclass Basketball
Music and Health Exhibition

"Brevity is the soul of wit."

RHODA NORINE DORER

Embroidery Club

"Devoted, anxious, generous, void of guile,
With her whole heart's welcome in her smile."

ALBERT DOYLE **"Al"**

A-B Club
Latin Play
Spectator Staff
Wireless Club

"When duty whispers low, 'Thou must,'
The youth replies 'I can'."

EUGENE DRISCOLL **"Bud"**

Dramatic Club
Wireless Club
"The Workhouse Ward"
Joke Editor of Spectator, '23

"Knowledge is more than equivalent to force."

DOROTHY DUNBAR **"Dot"**

"Chess Club"
"Army and Navy"
Dramatic Club

"Bright as the sun her eyes on others strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike."

ANNA DUNCAN **"Giggles"**

Sewing Club

"She is kind-hearted, lovable and true,
With a pleasant smile for all in view."

MARGARET EASH **"Peg"**

Sports Club

"There is a soft and pensive grace,
A cast of thought upon her face."

MILDRED EDMONDS **"Mid"**

Basketry Club

"Her smile is prodigal of summery
shine,
Gaily persistent—like a morn in June."

MADELEINE ELLIOTT **"Mad"**

A-B Club—7 terms
Literary Editor, '23 Spectator
Dramatic Club
"Vestal Virgins"
"The Trysting Place"
Chess Club
Vice President, '23
Secretary, '22
"Los Pantalones"
Student Council
"Bells of Beaujolais"

"She reads much;
She is a great observer and she looks
Quite through the deeds of men."

LOUISE FARRELL **"Bill"**

"Yanki San"
Glee Club
Movie Club
Spring Concert, '21
"Bells of Beaujolais"

"How sweet are looks that ladies bend
On whom their favors fall."

LAWRENCE FINK **"Finkie"**

Band, '22
Track, '21
Orchestra, '19

"In him the grave and playful mixed
And Nature compromised betwixt."

VERDA FINK **"Smiles"**

Girls' Sports Club
May Day Festival
Mock Trial
Home Room Representative 306
A-B Club—5 terms

"Tis the mind that shines in every grace,
An' chiefly in her roguish e'en."

MARY FITZPATRICK **"Fitz"**

Latin Play
Tennis Club

"Thy imaged form we shall survey,
And, pausing at the view,
Recall thy gentle smile and say,
"Oh, such a maid we knew!"

EDWARD FLECKENSTEIN **"Flecky"**

Football Scrub, '21
Football Varsity, '22
Track, '21

"How happy is he, born or taught,
That serveth not another's will."

GERTRUDE FLINN

"Our Motherland"
Sewing Club

"She is as good as she is fair,
To know her is to love her."

MARY CLARE FLINN **"Madame"**

Modern Drama Club
Dramatic Club
Glee Club
"Spreading the News"

"With wise remarks and odd replies,
Sometimes foolish and sometimes wise."

MARY BLANCHE FOSTER **"Foster"**

"Army and Navy"
Spring Concert, '21
Dramatic Club
Secretary of Senior Class
Music Exhibition
"The Bells of Beaujolais"

"With thee conversing I forget all time;
All seasons and their change, all please
alike."

LAWRENCE FRITZ **"Fritz"**

Dramatic Club
"Army and Navy"
"Yanki San"
Orchestra, '21½
Boys' Glee Club and Quartet
"The Bells of Beaujolais."
"Spreading the News"

"None so blithely gay as he
Where'er the ladies chance to be."

HELEN GATES **"Gay"**

Glee Club, '21, '22, '23
"Army and Navy"
"Yanki San"
"Our Motherland"
Girls' Sports Club
May Day Festival
"Music and Health Exhibition"

"Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair,
Like Night, her dusky hair."

MELDA GEISEL **"Meldie"**

Girls' Sports Club
May Day Festival
"Our Motherland"

"But upon thy lifted forehead
Something like a shadow lies,
And a serious soul is looking,
From thine earnest eyes."

BETTY GERMAN **"Betts'**

A-B Club
Dramatic Club
Glee Club
Girls' Sports Club
Student Council

"Beholding the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies."

CHARLES GETTY **"Charlie"**

"I have often regretted my speech,
never my silence."

JEROME GETTY **"Jerry"**

"No one knows what he can do until
he tries."

MABEL GOCHER **"Mab"**

Girls' Glee Club
Girls' Basketball
Sewing Club
"Army and Navy"

"How gracefully does Mabel lead the
dance,
She's life itself."

HARVEY GOOD **"Goodie"**

"No man is happy who does not think himself so."

MERCEDES GREENAWALT **"Sed"**

May Day Festival
Girls' Sports Club
"Army and Navy"

"Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds
Are in her very look."

NATHANIEL GRIFFITH, JR. **"Nat"**

Dramatic Club—"Rising of the Moon."
Wireless Club
Chess Club
Boys' Glee Club and Quartette
Minstrel Show
"Army and Navy"
Basketball and Interclass Track
"The Bells of Beaujolais"

"He's in joke half the time when he seems to be sternest,
When he seems to be joking be sure he's in earnest."

ANNA GUZICK **"Ann"**

Silver Sheet Club

"Oh, blessed with a temper whose bright ray
Can make tomorrow cheerful as today."

RAYMOND HADDLE **"Pupp"**

Dramatic Club

"Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,
In him alone, 'twas natural to please."

HAROLD HARENBURG **"Ham"**

Coal Club

"Silence more eloquent than words."

AGNES HARTNETT **"Ag"**

Glee Club
Girls' Sports Club
Junior Red Cross
Safety First Cross
Dramatic Club
May Day Festival

"She stirred with accent deep and loud,
The hearts of all the listening crowd."

R. REBECCA HEFFLEY **"Becky"**

Girls' Glee Club
"Yanki San"
"Our Motherland"
"Army and Navy"
Girls' Basketball
Movie Club
"The Bells of Beaujolais"

"Ever kind, innocent, sincere,
Of every friendless name the friend."

KENNETH HILL **"Ken"**

Dramatic Club

"He with a clear conscience can always speak,
No matter where or how it may be."

HELEN L. HINKLE **"Hink"**

Dramatic Club
"Yanki San"
Glee Club
"Vestal Virgins"
Basketball Club
"Army and Navy"
"The Bells of Beaujolais"

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet."

DOROTHY HOFFMAN **"Dot"**

Dramatic Club
Picture Committee
Girls' Basketball
"Army and Navy"
"Yanki San"
Student Council
Ring Committee

"The fairest garden in her looks
And in her mind the wisest books."

EMMALEIN HORNER **"Jack"**

Glee Club
"Yanki San"
Sports Club

"Here's to the girl with eyes of brown,
Whose sunny smile drives care away."

FREDA HORNER "Fritz"

Girls' Basketball
Spring Concert, '21
Girls' Sports Club
May Day Festival
"Army and Navy"

"Her reputation is complete
And fair without a flaw."

MARY HORNER "Billy"

Glee Club
"Yanki San"
Dramatic Club
"The Bells of Beaujolais"

"Her purposes are full of honesty;
nobleness, and integrity."

RACHEL HORNER "Rachel"

"It is well to be merry and wise,
It is well to be honest and true."

SUSAN HORNEY **"Sue"**

Tennis Club
A-B Club
"Comedy of Errors"
Band
Glee Club, '20

"She has two eyes, so soft and gay,
Take care!
She gives one glance, then looks away;
Beware!"

JOHN HORNICK

Nature Club
Spectator Staff

"I think the boy hath grace in him—
he blushes."

ALICE HUGHES **"Al"**

Sweets Club
Safety First Speaker, '21
Glee Club
Junior Red Cross
May Day Festival

"As merry as the day is long"

ROBERT JAMES **"Bob"**

Interclass Basketball and Track
Tumbling Team

"A youth, light-hearted and content,
I wander through the world."

CATHRYN JOHN **"Cats"**

Girls' Quartette—Glee Club
"Yanki San"
"The Bells of Beaujolais"
"Army and Navy"
Tennis Club

"I chatter over stony ways
In little sharps and trebles."

ROBERT KAHL **"Snakes Jr"**

Student Council
Orchestra-Band
"Minstrel Show"
"Motherland"
"Spectator Staff"
Capt. of Class '22 Basketball—
J. H. S.
Dramatic Club
Vice President of Class of '22

"The conscience of him testing every
stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a
man."

WALTER KEENE **"Walt"**

Chess Club

"A friend, true, and worth while,
Is near and helpful at all times."

MARJORIE KERR **"Margie"**

Exchange Editor of "Spectator"
Student Council
A-B Club

'Twould take an angel from the skies,
To paint the immortal soul—
To trace the light, the inborn grace,
The spirit sparkling o'er her face.

LOUISE KREBS **"Squee"**

"Army and Navy"
Girls' Basketball
Dramatic Club
Student Council
Treasurer VII and VIII
Announcement Committee
Movie Club

If she lacks friends, they are very few."
"A hearty pal, a comrade true;

MARY LOUISE KUCKUCK **"Cuckoo"**

A-B Club—5 terms
Girls' Glee Club
"Yanki San"
Bookkeeping Medal, 1921

"A girl reliable and true;
And furthermore, a worker, too."

ROBERT E. KURTZ **"Bob"**

Wireless Club
Camera Club

"Endowed with the ability of a genius."

J. DEANE LAMBING **"J. D."**

Wireless Club
Band

"Takes life as it comes,—and sometimes as it goes."

LOUISE LARKIN **"Weese"**

Silent Drama Club

"A bonnie lass, I will confess,
Is pleasant to the eye."

THORA LAURIDSEN **"Toppy"**

A-B Club
"Vestal Virgins"
Bank Commissioner
Girls' Basketball
Art Editor of Spectator
"Bells of Beaujolais"

"A sweet attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance given by looks."

GEORGE LEE **"Tillie"**

Business Mgr. of Spectator
Pres. of Dramatic Club
Track, '21, '22, '23
Ring Committee
Picture Committee
Interclass Basketball
Pep Club

"I know this earth is not my sphere,
For I cannot so narrow be but that I
still exceed it."

FRANCIS LOHMAN "Speed"

Pep Club
Dramatic Club
Wireless Club
"Spreading the News"

"His words are bonds;
His acts, sincere."

DOROTHY LONG "Dot"

A-B Club—2 Terms
"Our Motherland"
Glee Club
"Army and Navy"
"Yanki San"
Christmas Cantata
"Bells of Beaujolais"

"She was pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on."

PHILIP LOPRESTI "Phil"

"The Nativity"
"Spreading the News"
Interclass Basketball
Cashier 301

"His good was mainly an intent,
His evil not of forethought done."

HERMAN MALASKY **"Herm"**

Basketball Term II-IV
Basketball Club

"He is dreaming, wide awake."

JOHN MALEY **"Jay"**

Football '19 Varsity '20-'21-'22
Captain '22
Track '20-'21-'22-'23
Interclass Basketball '20-'21
Glee Club '20-'21
Boys Quartet '20
Student Council, Secretary '22, President '23
Class President '22-'23
"Waiting for the Trolley"
"Our Motherland"

"All hearts grew warmer in the presence
Of one who, seeking not his own,
Gave freely for the love of giving,
Nor reaped for self the harvest sown."

HERBERT MARTIN **"Herb"**

Track Manager
Vice President Class of '22½
Secretary Class of '22½
Interclass Basketball
"Mock Trial"
Student Council

"Nothing but himself can be his parallel."

ROSEMARY MEYERS "Sis"

A-B Club
Girls' Sports Club

"She has a natural wise sincerity,
A simple truthfulness."

KATHLEEN MILLER "Katy"

Dramatic Club—Glee Club
French and Italian Opera Club
"Our Motherland"
"Yanki San"
Spring Concert, '21

"She had a bit of heaven in her eyes,
Just as blue as blue can be."

CURTIS MITCHELL "Curt"

Wireless Club

"Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he."

HAZEL MORGAN **"Slim"**

"For she's a jolly good sport, you know."

PAUL MORRISSEY **"Oil"**

Dramatic Club
A-B Play
A-B Club—7 terms
Spectator Staff
Winner of Safety First Essay

"He's young in years, and great in understanding,
He has a mind that's verily commanding."

CORA MOTTER **"Red"**

Girls' Sports Club
May Day Festival
Mock Trial Case

"When she smiles a spell is there,
That more than strength or power can win."

GEORGE MOZGO **"Bates"**

Orchestra

"Tall of stature and a jolly good fellow."

CATHARINE MURDOCH **"Katy"**

"Army and Navy"
Girls' Glee Club
Dramatic Club
A-B Club
"Music and Health Exhibition"

"She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing."

MARY McCARTNEY **"Mary"**

"Her cheeks are like yon crimson gem"

SYLVIA McCOLLAM **"Sylvia"**

"Army and Navy"
Girls' Sports Club"

"For she was jes' the quiet kind
Whose natures never vary."

JEAN McDOUGALL **"Mac"**

Spring Concert, '21
Minstrel Show
"Yanki San"
Glee Club
Girls' Sports Club
"Vestal Virgins"
"Our Motherland"
"The Bells of Beaujolais"

"Instinct takes the place of duty,
Love, not Reason, guides."

BETTY McMEANS **"Betts"**

Army and Navy"
Spring Concert, '21
"Yanki San"
"Our Motherland"
"The Grill"
"Spanish Play"
Dramatic Club
Glee Club
Ukelele Club
"The Conspirators"
Snap-shots

"Our faith confirm, our fears dispel,
With the voice we loved so well."

EVA NEAFACH **"Little Eva"**

Silent Drama Club
Dramatic Club
Glee Club "Yanki San"
"Our Motherland"
Music and Health Exhibition
A-B Club—7 terms
Secretary A-B Club, '22, President, '23
Associate Editor of Spectator, '22½
Editor-in-Chief, '23
Student Council, '22 and '23
"The Bells of Beaujolais"

"My true love hath my heart and I have his."

ANNA MAY NICHOLAS **"Ticks"**

Girls' Sports Club
May Day Festival
Mock Trial Case
Assembly Room Cashier

"Grace is in all her steps, kindness in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love."

HAROLD NICKEL **"Nick"**

Wireless Club

"Pennies may come, and dimes may go,
But Nickel goes on forever."

PAUL OLEJAR **"Polly"**

Current Events Club
A-B Club
Interclass Basketball
Dramatic Club
"Spreading the News"

"I would rather excel all others in knowledge than in power."

CATHERINE OPPY **"Katrinka"**

Movie Club
A-B Club
Representative Student Council, '22

"A dear little, queer little, sweet little girl."

HARRY OPPY **"Edison"**

Lettering Club

"Full wise is he that knows himself!"

EDITH OTTO **"Ed"**

Dramatic Club
"Army and Navy"
Sports Club

"It is nice to be natural when you're naturally nice."

FLORENCE PATCH **"Patches"**

Miscellaneous Club
Dramatic Club

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

HARRY PHILLIPS **"Tub"**

A-B Club
Dramatic Club
Hiking Club
Chairman Ring Committee
Picture Committee
Advertising Manager "Spectator"
Mock Trial
"The Florist Shop"
Student Council Representative to Rotary Club

"His life is gentle and the elements so mixed in him
That nature might stand up and say,
'This is a man'."

VIVIAN RAAB **"Chick"**

"College Duke"
"Army and Navy"
"Green Stockings"
"Standish of Standish"
"Yanki San"
"Waiting for the Trolley"
Glee Club
Dramatic Club, '21
Cheer Leader

"A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay."

CATHERINE RAUSH **"Toots"**

"Army and Navy"
Movie Club
Decoration Committee, '22
Picture Committee
Interclass Basketball

"Thine eyes are blue,
Thy hair is bright."

ROBERT REED **"Bob"**

Snapshot Committee
Wireless Club
Entertainment Committee

"By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme and to be melancholy."

IDA REESE **"Ide"**

A-B Club
Movie Club
"Army and Navy"
"Our Motherland"

"She doeth little kindnesses,
Which most leave undone, or despise."

NORRIS RICKABAUGH **"Norrie"**

"He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again."

CARLTON ROBERTS **"Carlie"**

"Better be small and shine
Than to be great and cast a shadow."

POLLY ROBERTS **"Polly"**

The joy of youth and health her eyes displayed
And ease of heart her very look conveyed.

NELLIE ROBERTSON **"Nell"**

A-B Club
Girls' Glee Club
Silent Drama Club
"Army and Navy"
"Our Motherland"
"Music and Health Exhibition"
"The Bells of Beaujolais"

"Two glittering lakes are the eyes of Nellie,
And they ripple and sparkle with glee."

HAZEL RODGERS **"Rody"**

Girls' Glee Club
"Music and Health Exhibition"

"A gentle girl, so meek and mild."

SAMUEL ROGER **"Sam"**

Chess Club

"No duty could overtask him
No need his will outrun."

JOSEPH SAFKO **"Dad"**

Scrub Football, '20-'21
Track Team Captain, '22-'23

"Men of few words are the best men."

SPEAR SHERIDAN **"Spirits"**

Pep Club, '22½ and '23
"The Nativity"
Wireless Club
Assistant Cheer Leader, '22½

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men."

VICTORIA SICKLES **"Vic"**

Sewing Club
A-B Club

"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head should carry all she knew."

ANNA SILK **"Anne"**

A-B Club
"Our Motherland"
Silent Drama Club

"My knowledge now on wheels of fire,
May mount and spread, surveying all."

SARA SILK **"Sara"**

A-B Club
"Our Motherland"
Silent Drama Club

"Her heart is always in her work,
And the heart giveth grace unto every art."

LEONA SMITH **"Smits"**

Embroidery Club

"My tongne within my lips I rein,
For who talks much talks in vain."

RICHARD SNAVELY **"Dick"**

Orchestra
Wireless Club

"A penny's worth of mirth is worth a pound of sorrow."

NELLIE SOULE **"Soul-ee"**

Glee Club
Spring Concert
"Vestal Virgins"
Dramatic Club
"Yanki San"
Spanish Play
A-B Club—5 terms

"A sunny disposition and an effervescing glee,
Make a joyful maiden—such a maiden now is she."

ROBERT SPANGLER **"Bob"**

Student Council
Banker 305
Hiking Club

"Loyal hearted, strong of mind,
A nobler fellow you'll nowhere find."

VERNA SPIRES **"Dolly"**

A-B Club

"Let us not be weary in well doing."

LAVERNE STAGER **"Bill"**

Camp Fire Club

"Ever loyal, ever true,
To whatever task she has to do."

JOHN STAMMELY **"Doggie"**

Surveying Club
Football, '21
Varsity, '22
Sec'y. Student Council, '23
Interclass Basketball
Bank Cashier
High School Minstrel

"From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth."

WILBUR STATLER **"Web"**

"A man's a man for a' that!"

CHAUNCEY SUPPES **"Speed"**

Pep Club
Assistant Track Manager, '22
Silent Drama Club, '21

"In the race of life, he will not be behind."

HAROLD SWOPE **"Swopee"**

Pep Club

"A fine fellow, a good sport, and a staunch friend."

BEATRICE THOMAS **"Bee"**

A-B Club Secretary
President of Appreciation Club
"Vestal Virgins"
Spring Concert
"Army and Navy"
Dramatic Club

"She's modest as any and blythe as she's gay."

REBECCA THOMPSON **"Reba"**

Glee Club
Dramatic Club
"Yanki San"
Basketball, '21-'22

"Happy am I, from care I am free,
Why aren't they all contented like me?"

ADELE THOMSON **"Dizzy"**

Dramatic Club
Glee Club, '21
Spring Concert, '21
Hiking Club

"A good disposition is more valuable than gold."

HELEN TOOMEY **"Toomey"**

"Vestal Virgins"
Silent Drama Club
Dramatic Club
Basketball '21½-'22

"What shall I do to be forever known,
And make the age to come my own?"

ELMER WM. TREMELLEN **"Pete"**

Ass't. Basketball Mgr. '21
Varsity Basketball Mgr. '22-'23
Football '22
Track '21
"Miss Civilization"
"The Nativity"
Hiking Club

"To friends a friend, how kind to all."

MARY TROSS **"Mary"**

Glee Club
Spring Concert, '21
A-B Club
"Yanki San"
"Our Motherland"
Dramatic Club
"Army and Navy"

"The most brilliant talents often lie concealed in obscurity."

MARY LOUISE VIERING **"Viering"**

"Army and Navy"
"Waiting for the Trolley"
Interclass Basketball Captain VII
Cheerleader '21-'22-'23

"There is no real life but the cheerful life."

EMILIE WALLACE **"Tommy"**

Girls' Glee Club, '22
"Vestal Virgins"
Camp Fire Club
Spring Concert '21

"I know thee for a girl of many thoughts."

ROBERT WALTER **"Bob"**

Wireless Club

"He who plays the game fair
Is sure to earn a name."

WILBUR WHORL **"Ambition"**

Interclass Basketball

"Few things are impossible to diligence and skill."

HELEN WILL **"Hellie"**

Basketry Club

"Mermaid's yellow pride of hair."

DEAN WILLIAMS **"Dink"**

A-B Club
Wireless Club

"If he is not fellow with the best king
Thou shalt find him the best king of fellows."

BERTHA WILSON **"Bee"**

A-B Club—4 terms
Glee Club

"Maiden, when such a soul as thine is born,
The morning stars their ancient music make."

FLORENCE WONDER **"Flo"**

Girls' Campfire Club
Dramatic Club
"Spreading the News"
Glee Club

"One who to herself is true;
And therefore must be so to you."

CLAIR YOUNKIN **"Younk"**

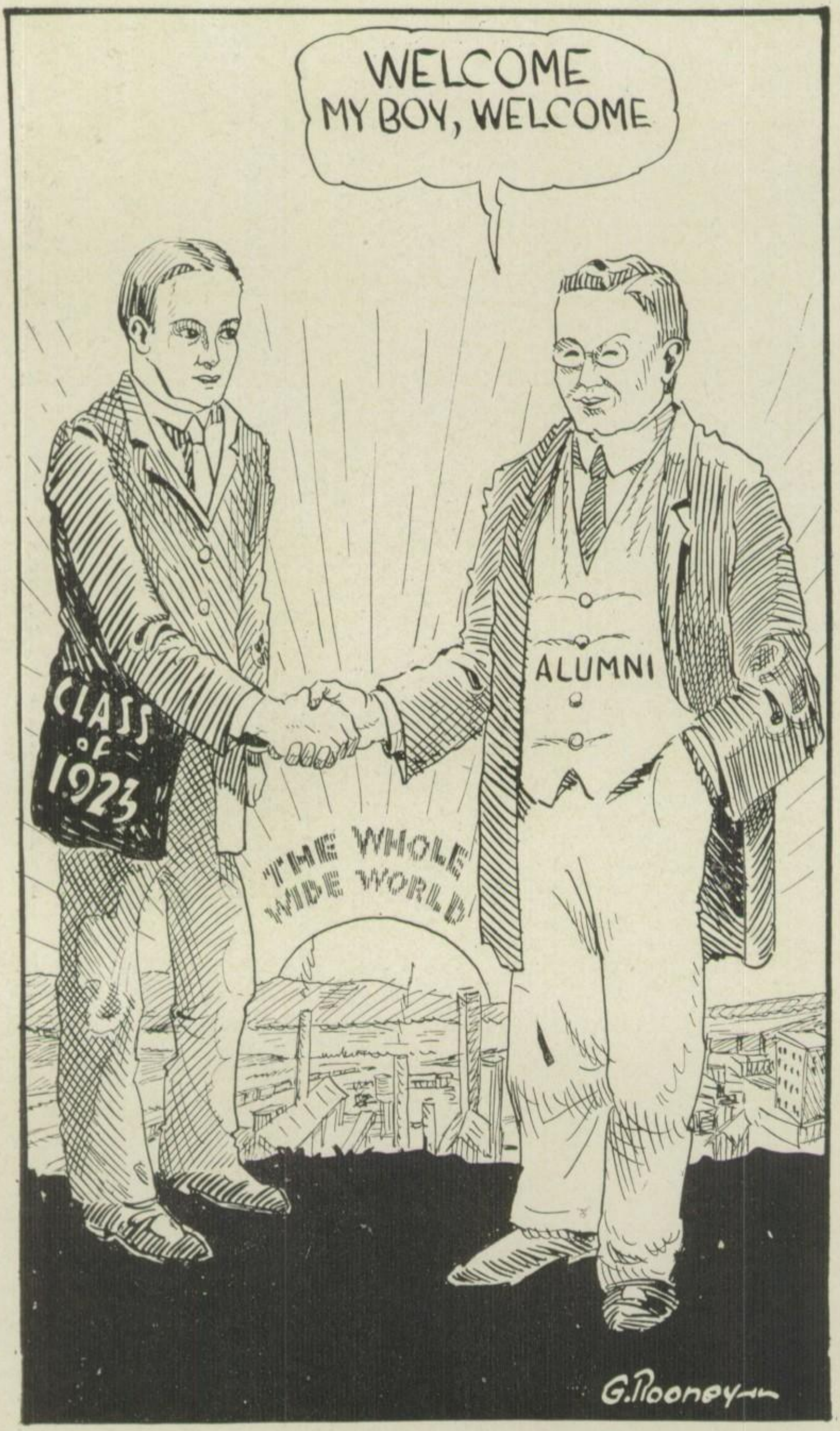
"Our Motherland"
"The Rising of the Moon"
Glee Club Minstrel
Hiking Club
Pep Club
Dramatic Club

"His inborn worth his acts commend,
Of gentle soul, to human race a friend."

ALEX ZASOFSKY **"Al"**

Chess Club
Pep Club

"Wise to resolve, and patient to perform."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MY BOY, WELCOME
CLASS OF 1923
ALUMNI
THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD
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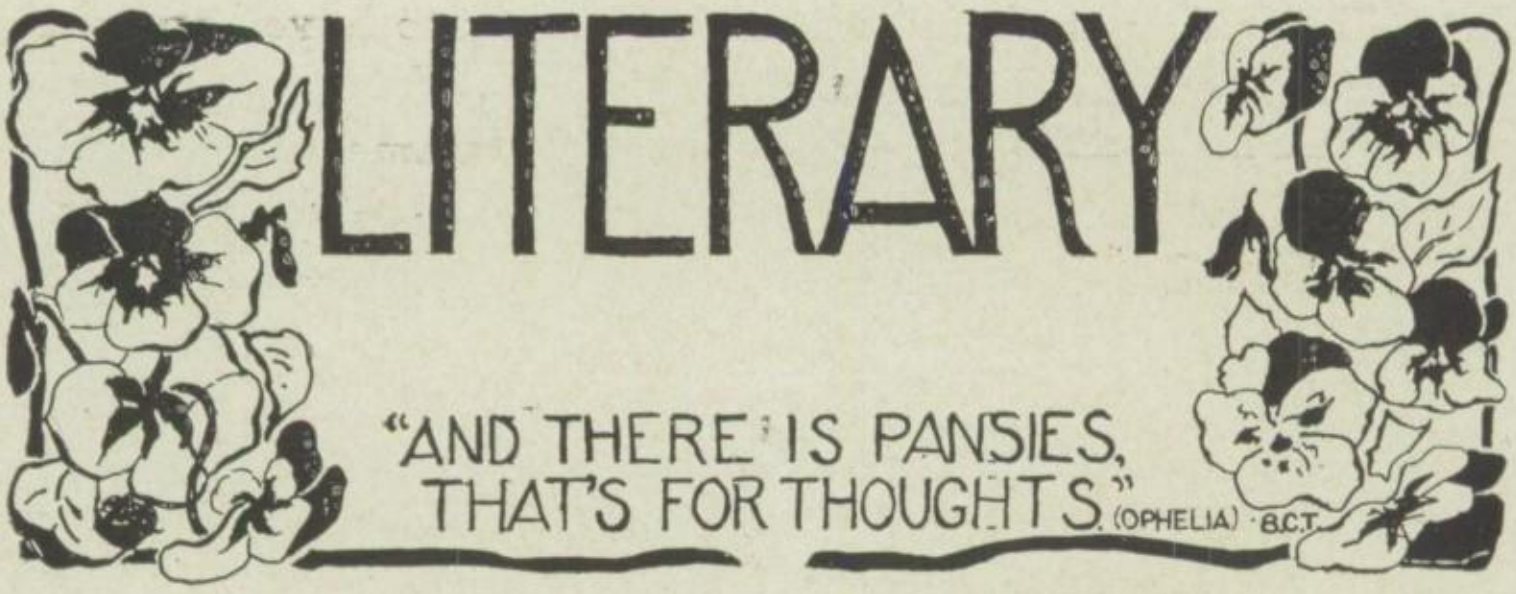


The Wrong Door

Marjorie Kerr, '23

The stairs were long and dark, it seemed as though she would never reach the end; she was too tired to notice the soft carpet and wonder why Mrs. Murphy had for once considered the comfort of her lodgers. At her own door at last, she fitted the key into the lock. Something was wrong, it would not turn. She drew it out and tried the handle. The door opened, and the girl stopped short in amazement.

What could it be? Had her small room doubled in size and the furniture trebled? Her imagination always active, for one wild moment suggested that some fairy godmother had wrought this miracle. But, then the dull reality shattered her foolish castle—she was in the wrong room.

She walked to a window and looked down; yes, there was the back yard she usually found below her four houses away. She had simply entered the wrong door, she must retrace her steps.

She paused a moment and made a careful inventory of her surroundings. Big, roomy, comfortable chairs, with beautiful tapestry coverings—it was a sitting room—no offensive bed behind a faded screen. What woman owned all this? She looked around for traces— no sewing. Pipes! it belonged to a man!

She must go. She moved toward the door but the bright, warm fire in the large beautiful fire-place held her fascinated. A piano too! And not to teach the children on, but to enjoy. Here some man lived in comfort, while she slaved all day with her teaching. Suddenly she heard the sound of rapid foot steps. She tried to escape but it was too late, the door opened and a man stood before her.

"How do you do," he said, "I'm sorry to have kept you waiting. Where is Mrs. Esterbrook?"

"I—I—she—she couldn't come," stammered the girl.

"Couldn't come—Oh I'm sorry," said the young man.

"She said she would come if she could, but—I had better go."

"Not a bit of it," the man said laughing. "Now I have you here I shall not let you go. It was very brave of you to come alone. You know brothers-in-law are presumptuous things." He smiled at her and looked at his watch. "You must have waited a half hour; I said four o'clock, I'm sorry."

She lowered her eyes. "I was late too," she replied, and felt a horrible weight lifted from her. They surely could not be coming; she could go in a moment; he would never know until she was beyond reach. But she reckoned without her host.

"Draw up closer to the fire," he began, "you know I won't see you before the wedding and I want to know something of my brother's wife. Bob said I must see something of you before you and he left for Paris, and I will not be able to go west for the wedding."

She must say something, she must get away in a moment, but for a moment she must enjoy this extraordinary situation that fate had thrust upon her.

"You think you will not be able to come to the wedding," she queried blushing.

"I think not," he replied. "But tell me how you came to know Bob."

He was surprised at the deep blush that answered his words.

"Don't you think it is rather warm in here?" temporized the girl.

He got up and opened one of the windows and then stooped and picked up a letter from his desk.

"Why, here is a letter from Mrs. Esterbrook," he said. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"Oh please, don't open it now, wait until I have gone. I'll explain later."

"As you like," he said. "But to go back to Bob. Bob and I never could understand each other, and you are not exactly the girl I thought Bob would choose."

"What did you expect?" she asked.

"Well, frankly, a silly little blonde thing with curls flying around her face. Strictly speaking you are more of the type that I should have chosen."

A mischievous gleam sparkled in her eyes and she added "That is—if I should like you."

"Of course, but you would know," he replied.

"Why?" she demanded flushing.

"Why? Because I would make you. I am a very determined fellow and I usually get what I set out to get."

Then followed a short pause which was broken when she leaned forward and said, "Do you really want to know why I accepted Bob?"

He nodded.

She kept her eyes on the floor.

"Because I wanted a home."

"Why—why weren't you happy with your aunt and uncle?" he demanded.

She shook her head. "No, and Bob was so kind."

The man started to pace the floor.

But she continued, "I came to tell you that I have changed my mind. I have broken my engagement."

"What, broken your engagement!" he said in a startled voice. "But why please explain."

"Well, a girl just like you thought Bob would choose—."

"Oh yes, I see. Just like Bob, I thought it would be that way. You certainly aren't Bob's type. But I hope you didn't feel bad about it."

"Well, I did at first but not any more. You see Bob is—."

"Yes, yes" he interrupted.

"Bob is quite a flirt and—and he is somewhat fickle and I thought it best to break the engagement. I must go," she rose nervously, "I came—." A sudden desire to tell the truth swept over her. Only one or two more lies and she would be out of it. "I came to see what you were really like, Bob said that you and he were just as different as day and night."

"Well if you must go, you will allow me to accompany you to your door," he said.

"Oh—no, no."

"Mary," he said.

She started.

"You will allow me to call you that, I was almost your brother. But, I am going to be your friend. When may I come and see you?"

The girl flushed.

"Never."

"Why?" he urged, "just because you aren't going to marry Bob is no reason that we shouldn't like each other, is it?"

"No," she replied.

"Well then, your address?"

"Oh, no."

"I'll ask Bob for it, he will give it to me."

"Wait until you hear the story from Bob and Mrs. Esterbrook, then if you will look you will find me."

"Find you?" he repeated.

"Yes, tomorrow will be Sunday, and if you stand on the steps of this house at 10:30 and look up the street you will see me."

She moved toward the door, but suddenly stopped and drew from her bag a small memorandum book out of which she tore a page. She scrawled a few hasty lines on the paper, folded it and laid it upon the table.

At the door she turned to him. "Read Mrs. Esterbrook's letter first, then mine. But wait until you hear the door slam." "Good-night," she said breathlessly.

"Good-night," he replied as he held the door for her to go. In a minute the slam of the outer door reached his ears.

He tore open Mrs. Esterbrook's letter and read—.

"My dear Philip:—Mary and I had to return unexpectedly to Cleveland. We are sorry to miss the last opportunity of seeing you before the wedding.

Yours sincerely, Louise Esterbrook."

Was he seeing things or not. He hastily opened the second.

"Forgive me. I am not Bob's Mary. I got into the wrong door. Your fire and room were so cozy that I couldn't leave. Then you came and you were so—kind."

Philip stared at the paper for a minute, then grabbed his hat and dashed out into the street. But no solitary girlish figure was visible, and he returned to his room. There he threw himself into an easy chair before the fire to smoke and—to dream.

The Clothes and The Man

Jean McDougall, '23

I sat down at a table for two in the Fountain Room of "Venture Inn" and ordered tea. That is to say, I ordered iced coffee and pasteries—for I knew that Grace would join me in a few minutes, and she had requested that there be something "sizzling cold and disgustingly rich" ready for her upon her arrival. Then I rolled back my long gloves, stole a look in one of the many mirrors and relapsed into the luxurious placidity of a purring cat. For the Fountain Room in summer has a most soothing effect on warm, tired people with jangled shopping nerves, it is not large and glaring with glass prisms as is the main tea room, but it is small, dim, thickly carpeted, and well cooled by the play of water into a semi-circular pond against the wall. It is like a moss-floored grotto in a dull tarnished green and old gold, saffron lighted.

I looked around the room; there were more than twenty people, of whom nearly half were young men of the typical "tea-hound" type. I could not help mentally applying to them the criticism so adequately expressed by an old friend of my grand-mother to the effect that the young men now-a-days; "they're poor squashy things; they look well enough, but they won't wear, they won't wear."

Then there were various young girls in broad hats and summery gowns, who evidenced ennui in the casual fingering of their frosted glasses, and minced prettily with their ices, without any noticeable partaking. At the table nearest me sat a rotund dowager who twinkled and tinkled with jewelry, and with her was a younger matron wearing a combination flower garden, fruit- garden and aviary on her head, and a dress that must of been designed in a rage and put on in a fury.

But my glance traveled unarrested over these beings; back in the farther corner it stopped at a table where three men were apparently enjoying a very belated luncheon. There was something striking in the combined society of these three for no one of them seem to coincide with the appearances or personalities of his companion; rather they all appeared to be living contradictions of one another. One was very large and several chinned; his consumption of perilous mouthfuls was interspersed with intense, machine-gun state-

ments, every word drawn with the sound of popping corks from the depths of his pompousness. Across from him sat an animated young fellow who was as attractive and agreeable to look upon as the stout person was unattractive and disagreeable to behold. Yet there was something too "slick" in this young man's appearance—a little too much conceit in his easy grace and self-consciousness . His hair might have been patent leather, so smooth and black it was; his features were too consistently regular and perfect, and his suit, tie and silk shirt had been fitted and chosen and matched with too great a degree of nicety.

The third man who sat facing me, was the most interesting and the most inconsistent of the three. I found myself searching for the "mot-juste" whereby to classify him, and I could arrive at no conclusion other than that of poet He was small, slight, frail-looking, with large dark eyes and a sensitive expression. His hair, black and parted in the middle, curled a little on the top of his head. He wore a careless dark-blue suit and a shirt of French-blue chambry with a soft collar of the same shade. He ate little, said little, and smiled seldom; he divided his attention between drinking from a tall glass and listening to the popping corks and the suave tones of his respective friends—who, however, seemed to regard him with great deference. For a moment I thought he might be an eminent violinist, but the blue chambry removed that thought from my mind and I came back to the idea of the poet.

Curiously considering the matter, my revery was suddenly interrupted by the simultaneous arrival of waiter, iced coffee, pastries and Grace—and it was not until all was settled and we had made inroads upon our "sizzling cold and disgustingly rich" repast that I recalled my poet in the corner. Then I asked Grace if she had any idea who that nice poetic looking young man was, and she after a polite fleeting backward stare, gasped and queried incredulously.

"Why! don't you know?"

"Not the faintest idea," I rejoined.

"Think of him with a tiny mustache and a derby and a c—."

"Charlie Chaplin!" I almost shrieked.

Grace nodded smiling.

One Up

Harry S. Phillips, '23

"Hello Doc."

"Hello, Harry. Care if I go around with you?"

"Not at all. Just as soon as we get some caddies. They seem sort of scarce today."

"So Bert tells me. By the way, I think I shall hunt him up. I want to ask him about my follow-through."

"Suits me. I guess he is in the locker room, come on."

"Anything exciting happen on the old home course while I was at Pinehurst?"

"Anything exciting? Haven't you heard? Well, you don't know what you've missed. Suppose we go up stairs and get some ice-cream or something. You can see Bert later and I can tell you much better if I have something refreshing. Did you ever see it so hot?"

"Not since I last fixed my furnace. Ha, Ha.—Sit over there in the corner.—Lemonade for me, please."

"I'll take a large dish of strawberry, please."

"By the way, how's the new chef?"

"He makes the most delicious ice-cream imaginable."

"Ah, here we are. Now then, what's the news? This is fine lemonade."

"Well to begin with—Aw, let me eat this first."

"We'll never have time for a round at this rate."

"Anything to humor you. Do you, by any chance, know Elizabeth Gerard?"

"That feminine golf-nut?"

"The same. She caused all the trouble. I'll admit this much, she certainly is beautiful enough to cause anything even if she does think, eat, and sleep on golf. Anyway there are two fellows in this town who would lie down and die for her. You know what I mean."

"I'll bet I can name one of them, Joe Logan, our best player when he's in the mood."

"Right you are, and the other is Bob Lang, not so much of a golfer, but a perfect Romeo."

"And she preferred the best golfer I suppose."

"Well, she leaned his way but was still doubtful. To make a long story short, she said the man of her choice would be the winner of an eighteen-hole match. Just like a woman.

However, everything was arranged and the match took place."

"And now she is Mrs. Logan?

"Now Doc, be so kind as to give me a chance and I'll tell the story. As I said the match took place. They both teed up on No. 1 and drove. Joe got his usual two-hundred yards and Bob, to everybody's surprise (including his own) got a very unusual two-hundred himself. He even halved the hole! Just a stroke of luck we thought. Along about the sixth hole I asked about the score. Imagine my amazement to learn they were still playing even. Anything is possible in golf. Later I made a similar inquiry and found they were coming in on nine still even. Understand, I had not followed them further than the first green, expecting to hear of a walk-away. I then and there decided to view the second round."

"Surely you are bluffing me!"

"Not in the least. You should have seen Joe. He was purple with rage at being held even by a third rater. He somehow kept his emotions in check and they started the second round. I knew something unusual lay at the foundation of Bob's playing and I closely observed him during the remainder of the match."

"He did nothing dishonest, did he?"

"Far from it, though what he did was so novel that it will make you laugh. But first we'll finish the match. All was still even up till the seventeenth. On the eighteenth tee I noticed something peculiar about the color of Bob's ball that I had not seen before. I looked closer. Good night! Bob hated Joe, such is the way of two jealous men, and there on the ball was a picture of Joe. Bob would take a look at the picture, wish it was Joe's face and drive two-hundred yards. Who but a desperate lover would have thought of such a thing? Believe me, there are ever so many ways that one can use to develop one's golf. Well the contest ended. All even so the judge said, but Bob won by one up, or a bride, for he eloped with Elizabeth that very night. What about Joe? He's through with women."

"So Bob the third rater, won by a bride over the champ. It's the brain that counts, though. Shall we start now?"

"Yes, our caddies are here."

Gloria's Return

Catherine Oppy, '23

On the morning of the class election, the situation began to seem hopeless on account of the disorganized state of things. The class was so evenly divided on all points that it looked as though neither side would ever succeed in electing its nominee, since there was no enthusiasm for either of the candidates.

It was decidedly an "off year." The class of the year before had taken out of college all the dashing, brilliant sort of girls. In fact, there seemed but little material for any of the usual college activities. The seniors stood in the halls discussing affairs with great excitement. They were going to class meeting that afternoon like sheep without a shepherd to vote by chance on whoever happened to be nominated.

Suddenly a Sophomore dashed up the steps, her face glowing with importance. "What do you think?" she cried to the first group she met. "You remember Gloria Templeton, who was to graduate last year, and went home at the end of her Junior year to come out in society? I saw her at the station, and I really believe that she is coming back to graduate. She had a trunk and suit-cases and her tennis racket and things!

The news ran along the corridor very quickly. Gloria Templeton! Was it possible that she was to be a classmate—she, the darling of the college, who was regarded as the girl who could do everything and did? Thank goodness, she had come before the class election. The Fates pointed her out as the class president. In a momentary pause, everyone thought of some particular accomplishment in which Gloria was a leader. Then with one movement, they all turned toward the door.

As if making a stage entrance for dramatic effect, up the steps ran lightly a tall, athletic girl with an alert face. Behind came a chauffeur, who carried two suit-cases, a pair of skiis, and a bag of golf clubs. The girl herself carried a violin case, a tennis racket, and over one arm, a sweater with a letter on it. In an instant, she was the center of a throng of girls, whose brown and black heads hid all but her sandy hair and dashing little hat.

The first really distinguishable question came from Isabel

Connor, whose forceful voice commanded attention. "Why, Gloria, how did you happen to come back?"

Gloria turned to answer, but she was overwhelmed in the chorus from the seniors who were asking her to be a candidate for the class presidency.

"Certainly," said Gloria crisply.

A fresh group of girls arrived breathless, "Why, Gloria, you old dear! You are back! Will you be candidate for the captain of the basket ball team? We've got a wonderful team this year, and if you'll captain us, we've got every team in New England beaten."

"Who are playing?" asked Gloria, and listened shrewdly to the names and positions. At the end, she nodded.

"I certainly would be foolish not to captain a team like that. If you can elect me, I'll accept."

Isabel Connor stirred to action again. "Gloria, why did you come?" she queried. "I thought your people wouldn't allow you. I thought you had to—."

She was interrupted by a dignified lady who advanced upon them with outstretched hand. "I'm very glad to see you back, Miss Templeton," she said. "I have been thinking of you lately, and as I am on my way now to a meeting of the Young Women's Christian Association, I should like to know if you will act as leader this year and represent the college at the Boston Conference. We expect to have an extremely active year, and your talents as an organizer would help us very much."

Gloria's face flushed with pleasure. "Indeed I will, Professor Morris, I am very greatly interested in that sort of work."

She turned away into a little room, full of girls by this time, and sank down on the davenport. Her dauntless young face showed haggard lines.

"Why, Gloria, you don't look a bit in good condition," cried one of her admirers. You've been living indoors too much. Up here you must get out more. Won't you help me to start a hockey club?

"Yes, I will," Gloria exclaimed. "All last winter I used to get fairly raging at a man who said women couldn't play a good game of hockey. We'll get up a series and show him."

Isabel Connor sat down by the girl and took her thin

hand in her own plump one. "Gloria, you haven't told me yet why you came back."

"I know it, Isabel, I started to a dozen times. Why you see, mother got worried about—."

A girl dragging a cello past the room. As she caught sight of Gloria, she gave a glad cry.

"Glory be! If it's not Gloria Templeton dropped down from the skies. Our first violin is provided for. Senor Torres has been tearing his hair. He will be overcome with joy. Just wait till I tell him!"

She hurriedly left the room. Isabel turned again to her friend. "Gloria, why did—."

"Isabel Connor, if you ask me that again, I'll shake you. You know I'm nervous as a witch, and you've been asking me that question for the past two hours. Now listen, and I'll tell you! I was allowed to come back because mother was worried about me, and a doctor told her I'd have to have perfect quiet for a year before going into society, I'm all broken down nervously, so I'm going to rest for a year, don't you see?"

The Man Who Had Plenty of Time

Marie Coco, '23

A certain man had intended to go to New Orleans; for he said, "It is now winter, and I prefer to take my exercise with the fishing pole and the golf club, and not the snow shovel."

He arranged his business, which was not very brisk, bought a ticket and a berth upon a sleeping car; and to all his friends he said, "Me for the balmy breezes of the Gulf, with tarpon fishing and magnolia blossoms and a trip to Cuba, and maybe a look in at the big ditch at Panama. Now, therefore this wintry climate shall know me no more until after the Mardi Gras, and I will return with the flowers that bloom in the spring."

On the appointed day he arrived early at the station with his ticket in his pocket, for he said, "I like to have plenty of time." His train which was called the Limited, had not yet been backed into the station; for it was more than half an hour before time for the train to leave. He said, "I will

buy a magazine, and I will sit and read, for it is great to have plenty of time."

About the time he was started with the magazine, a man shouted through the megaphone.

"I-e-e-e-llinois Central Limited. Train for Cairo, Paducah, Memphis, Vicksburg and New Orleans, now ready on track number six."

The man with the magazine looked up from his magazine to the clock, and said, "I have my reservations, I have my tickets, the light here is good, and as this story is a little "corker" I need not hurry; I have "plenty of time."

The man with the megaphone called a second time, but the man with the magazine said within himself, "It is a long ride to New Orleans, and I shall weary of the train. I will remain here for a little while, I have "plenty of time."

The man with the megaphone called yet a third time. But the man with the magazine was at an interesting place in his story and as he had grown accustomed to the noises of the station he did not look up, neither did he hear. The great clock of Time moved slowly but surely on.

He came to the end of the story, rolled his magazine, put it into the pocket of his overcoat, then said, "I may as well go on board." He picked up his bag and left the station.

As he walked toward the gate he glanced at the clock, and a cold sweat started upon him. He rushed to the gate to behold the tail lights of the Limited, disappearing in the dim distance. He swore at the man at the gate and said, "Let me through for I must catch the Limited."

But the man at the gate answered, "You may catch the Limited tomorrow or the day thereafter. Swear not, for you have "plenty of time."

Burglars

Paul Olejar, '23

School was over for the day and the children poured out of the only school house of the town of Spring Garden. They rushed out of the building laughing and shouting, hurrying to their play. The crowd thinned rapidly till only a few stragglers were left. Alton Burns, twelve, looked cautiously out of the door of the school. Seeing only a few

girls he walked out furtively, glancing this way and that. But whatever he was expecting to see did not appear, and he soon ceased to look about.

Suddenly from an alley sprang two boys, larger than Alton, Alton gave a look and fled with the boys in pursuit. They overtook him and held him. "Leave me alone, Jim Wertz—Ouch!" he cried, as Jim twisted his arm. "I'm going to tell your mother on you, Bud Lang."

"Is that so?" asked Bud advancing threateningly.

Alton stood his ground and Bud paused. "Well, let's tie him up anyway," he said. "Come on," ordered Jim. Though Alton struggled, he was forced to go with his captors. They reached Jim's home and Bud produced a rope.

"We are going to tie you to this tree," remarked Bud. Alton struggled till he was exhausted, yelling at the top of his voice, but they tied him.

"Yell all you want to," said Jim, "My mother isn't at home," Alton subsided.

"Now, will you go with Susie anymore?" asked Jim.

"Sure, you're not my boss," replied Alton.

"All right, pinch him," ordered Jim. Bud did this gladly and Alton roared, "I'll quit, I don't like her anyway. I like Mary Bridges."

"Is that so?" asked Bud, "Well, I do, too," and he pinched Alton again.

"No I don't, I was fooling."

"You've got to quit going with them."

Alton discreetly kept quiet.

"Let's play robbers and policemen," proposed Jim to Bud.

"But, two can't play. We'll have to untie him" said Bud, with a jerk of his thumb towards Alton.

"W-e-ll, I guess we will have to," said Jim, "Do you promise not to go with Susie May?"

"And Mary Bridges?" chimed in Bud.

Alton sulkily agreed.

"Now, let's call the rest," proposed Bud as he untied Alton, "Here, you go and call Jerry Michaels and Charlie Roth."

"Go yourself," returned Alton.

"Let's tie him up again," said Bud seizing Alton.

"Let me go, I'll call them," said Alton.

"Don't be long."

As Alton hurried off Jim inquired, "Will we have the policemen do anything to the robbers if they catch them, or what."

"We will be burglars. Let's make them policemen and tell them they can do anything they want with us. They'll never catch us, anyway."

"I'm a policeman," said Jerry, coming up breathless.

"I'm a burglar," said Alton.

"No, Bud and me'll be burglars because we made the game up," said Jim. You can be robber after a while. It's more fun to be a policeman, and then you can't run as fast as I can."

"Is that so?" asked Alton, "I can run faster'n any of you, why I can give you a big start and beat you," he declared.

"Huh!" said Jim contemptuously. He immediately started running. Alton was determined to show that he could outrun any boy there. He gained upon Jim and Bud till he was at their heels. Instead of trying to catch them, as policemen were supposed to do, he tried to pass them. In some way his foot caught Jim's and the two sprawled on the road. They picked themselves up slowly for they had been going fast and had fallen hard. The others crowded around.

"Oh, my knee!" wailed Jim.

"And my elbow!" chimed Alton.

"Aw, that's all right. Come on and play," said Charley Roth.

"Sure, come on. It's almost supper time," urged Jerry.

"This hurts. I'd like to see you fall on the bricks and not get hurt," wailed Alton as he rubbed his elbow.

"I'll bet I can fall down harder than you and not cry like a baby," said Charley.

"Aw, who's crying like a baby," demanded Alton.

Jim had stopped crying and was ready to play.

"I want to be a burglar," urged Alton, "I can run faster'n you."

"You can't," retorted Jim, "can he?" he asked turning to Bud who had just come up.

"Sure I can. I ran so fast I tripped you," returned Alton.

"Well come on," said Bud starting off. Jim and he ran over the roughest places they knew, over the fields and fences

and across the brook where Jerry in his hurry fell in, but continued the chase. Alton was tired out, but determined.

"I quit," announced Jerry, "it's supper time and I have to change my clothes anyway."

At last Jim sat down, too tired to run farther. Alton and Charley sprinted and caught him. They marched him to the tree where Alton had been tied, and tied him, Alton taking great satisfaction in making sure the knots were tied properly.

Bud was hovering close, trying to get a chance to free Jim. With a sudden dash Alton and Charley captured him and tied him.

"Well, we captured you easy," said Charley.

"Oh no. We are better burglars than you."

"No sir," said Alton. "Oh there's Susie, May and Mary Bridges."

"Let me loose," chorused Jim and Bud, struggling to free themselves.

"Hello!" said the girls as they approached. They stared in astonishment at Jim and Bud, who seemed to be quite embarrassed.

"Where are you going?" asked Alton while Jim and Bud sulked.

"We're going to the store, want to come along?" asked Susie.

"Yes I'll come."

"Let me loose," yelled Jim, "that's my girl, you burglar."

"Let me loose," echoed Bud, "that's my girl, you burglar."

Alton turned tantalizingly, "Now, who is the best burglar?" he demanded with a wave of his hand.

Missing Apparatus

Harold M. Nickel, '23

One morning, as Norman Winters and his chum, Leonard Gordon entered Norman's small laboratory, they found everything in disorder. Chemical and electrical apparatus were scattered about the room and several flasks and bottles were broken. Naturally, Norman was very indignant. He picked up a few pieces of broken glass and then exclaimed, "I'll fix the bird that did this!"

After returning the various pieces of apparatus to their proper places, he discovered a number of articles missing. A retort, some glass tubing, rubber tubing, and a bunsen burner could not be accounted for. The remainder of the morning was spent in repeating several experiments which the boys had performed in Physics class, the day before. That afternoon Norman busied himself in constructing several queer looking electrical instruments. These he arranged about the room, running wires from them to a small box which he concealed in one of the corners. After testing the various circuits, he gave the whole a tryout to insure the success of his plans.

About seven o'clock in the evening, Leonard received a telephone call. The caller proved to be Norman who extended this invitation: "If you want to see some fun drop around at eight bells." With his curiosity thus aroused, Leonard decided to be present at the appointed hour.

Eight o'clock found him at the door of the Winters residence. Norman appeared and conducted him to the laboratory. "We have only a few minutes to wait. Squeeze in behind that large box."

Leonard slowly complied with his friends orders but began to ask a series of questions.

"Keep still," cautioned Norman.

Leonard still insisted on asking questions but was soon quieted by the application of Norman's hand to his mouth. Silence continued for several minutes. Suddenly a window on the opposite side of the room was thrust open. The dark form of a man slid noiselessly through the window into the room. He moved cautiously towards a case which contained most of Norman's glassware. Opening the drawer, he withdrew a piece of apparatus used in distilling water. This he placed in a burlap sack, together with several flasks and a large bottle. Just as he reached for another bottle, Norman touched a small switch on the box which he had concealed. A large spark leaped from the metal surface of the case, apparently striking the man in the arm, for he staggered backward falling upon the bag containing the apparatus. The sound of breaking glass and a hoarse cry were followed by a desperate leap for the window. In accordance with Norman's manipulation of another switch the window closed with a bang. The man, seeing that the door was his only means of escape rushed to-

wards it only to be met with a cloud of red pepper. Overcome, he stumbled blindly over a box, falling flat on his face. Norman threw on the electric light and almost at the same moment a man in uniform entered.

"There's your man, officer," said Norman, as he pointed to a mass of cuts and bruises which lay huddled on the floor.

"You did him up pretty bad," observed the policeman as he examined his prisoner.

After applying antiseptic and bandages to the man's wounds the officer hustled his bewildered captive off to the city hall.

"Don't be too hard on 'm," called Norman after the policeman. Then, returning to Leonard, he said, " About the fun. First of all, I did a little detective work and discovered that this fellow had stolen part of my apparatus to construct a moonshine distilling machine and that he intended to return this evening, so I staged this little performance to teach him a lesson."

Her Senior Dance

Beatrice Thomas, '23

Ellen Richards was a little old fashioned. In the days of her grandmother she would have been a decided success. But in these days of jazz, bobbed hair, and slang she was a dismal failure.

But Ellen was a girl, with all a girl's love of pleasure, and she was just graduating from high school. All the other girls were preparing for the senior dance and Ellen longed to go with rather a pathetic longing. But no one had asked her and she could not go alone.

Then came the day of the senior picnic. This day was worse than usual. Except for an occasional greeting as her fellow-students passed she was left alone. Suddenly the unbelievable happened. Jack Chester, the leader of his set had taken a bet that he would spend the afternoon with Ellen. At first he had the air of one who was performing a very tiring duty, but Ellen gradually drew him out of this mood and before Jack was aware of it they were on friendly terms.

They talked of many things. Jack ventured to speak of the senior dance. Ellen desired to avoid the subject. Then Jack began to think. He would show the boys that

he was game. There was something fascinating about Ellen and almost before he had formed the idea, he said, "How would you like to attend the senior dance with me?"

Ellen was startled to hear herself saying, "I should like it very much."

The night of the senior dance came. She could not tell what but something filled her with uneasiness as she climbed the stairs to her room. Presently a lively song from the street below aroused her and her depression vanished. She executed a bizarre little dance step as she looked into her mirror and she imagined she saw a long beautifully decorated dance hall where the happy students were enjoying themselves and where Jack and she would soon appear. The thought thrilled her.

The visions passed and repassed in the little wavy mirrors, but presently she aroused herself with a happy sigh and began brushing out her hair. Her gown lay stiffly disposed upon her smooth white bed. It was a lovely blue satin with an artistic touch of lace. She held up the dress and was satisfied.

At nine Ellen was nearly ready. She had the silver slippers with the neat buckles on her feet and she had poured white-rose perfume upon her lace-edged handkerchief and was eagerly sniffing the scent when the sound of flying feet in the hallway struck her with instant fear of disaster.

It was Min, the little girl from next door. The child burst into the room sobbing: "Ma's sick again! I'm afraid she'll die this time! Oh, please come!" and she grasped Ellen's hand frantically and dragged her towards the door.

Min's mother had "spells", and when she had such an attack no one in the neighborhood could quiet her except the gentle Ellen, who loved the frail little woman.

From next door Ellen heard faint moans. She gave one glance at the lovely gown—then while tears of self pity ran down her cheek she ran hand in hand with the terrified child, stopping only long enough to say to her mother, "Please explain to Jack. I can't go."

It was two hours later that Ellen went slowly back home. The power that had enabled her to quiet the sick woman had left her weary. Jack would never forgive her for leaving him at the last moment.

As she stepped into the house she was startled to hear

Jack's voice. "I thought I'd wait," he said half apologetically.

Ellen stared amazed. "Who led the Grand March?"

"I don't know, I wasn't exactly interested seeing that—oh, you know how it is, when your girl—."

And Ellen's evening was not spoiled after all.

A Chinese Mystery

Robt. Kahl, '23

Many people have related terrifying and veritable hair raising happenings to me,but the experience that caused beads of perspiration to gather on my brow was brought about by an ordinary collar which I took to a Chinese laundry in the hopes of having it cleaned.

The laundry was operated by Bish Wone and Fanny Wang, two seemingly docile and backward Orientals who never bothered any body and who attended strictly to the operation of their small establishment, which adjoined the only bank in our progressive little village. From outward appearance the bank, known as "The Farmer's Trust Co.," was of solid material and supposed by the officials burglar proof. Because of this security the citizens had placed most of their money and many Liberty bonds in the protecting walls of the bank, and were losing no sleep over the matter, until—well, I was awakened about 5 a. m. with the cry "All out,—somebody gipped the bank." After hastily slipping on my clothes I rushed into the street, and found many of my neighbors running toward the bank.

Upon arriving at the Farmer's Trust Co., I was confronted by three of the local police, who after seeing me withdrew into hasty consultation, and at length approached and gently informed me that I was under arrest. I will admit that I was surprised, but my anger rose when I was told to accompany one of their number to the local jail.

A crowd began to gather, and seeing that resistance was futile, I accompanied the escort, but with reluctance. After reaching our destination I was taken before the chief, and reported as being "suspicious," whereupon, despite my protestations I was lodged in a cold cell.

Only a few minutes elapsed before my rival, Billy Kaish, a newspaper reporter, arrived to get the full details of my arrest. Upon being ushered into my presence he began ex-

pressions of false sympathy. In an unguarded moment I told him that I should like to see Gwendolyn, my fiancee. He politely assured me that he would take my message. Imagine my humilation, when he returned a half hour later and triumphantly handed me my ring, with a message that Gwendolyn never wanted to see me again.

While brooding over my predicament a number of prominent citizens entered my cell and with profound apologies from the chief I was informed that I was innocent—and free. Needless to say, after purchasing a newspaper, I hurried forth, but stopped short upon seeing my picture on the front page, and below it, an article telling of my arrest. The content was this:

About 3:45 a. m., the night watchman had heard an explosion in the bank, and upon entering had found the safe blown open, and the valuables missing. He instantly informed the town detectives, who, upon investigating, found my collar in front of the safe.—You know the rest.

Joe Blowen, a carnival man was caught soon after, trying to hop a freight car, and was returned to jail along with the "swag." He had entered the laundry gone into the bank, taking with him my collar to hide his tracks.

Needless to say, Gwendolyn soon forgave me and at present she is laundrying my collars.

The Return

Agnes Hartnett, '23

In a small village in the northern part of Maine lived the Benton family. Mrs. Benton, a widow, was a small gray haired woman with a sunny smile and a pleasing disposition. She had two children, Mary, a fourteen year old daughter and David, a sixteen year old son. The children were very fond of the mother who had done so much for them and they had affectionately termed her "the little gray mother."

Mrs. Benton was proud of her children and had planned great futures for them. David, however, was a source of worry to her for he continually talked about leaving his native town and seeking broader fields.

One night Mrs. Benton sat waiting for David to come home. As it grew later she imagined that at every noise

David was coming. But he did not come that night and the next morning news was brought that he had gone away early the previous evening with Charles Mathews, a worthless fellow. Mrs. Mathews bowed her head and, with tears streaming down her cheeks, prayed that her boy might come home again.

Time passed, but the anxious mother received no word from David. She tried to smile but her attempt was pitiful, for beneath the smile she hid a broken heart.

As Mary grew older she began to show a strong inclination toward literary work. Although she sent story after story to publishing companies, they were always returned. Since it was imperative that she earn money in some way, she secured a position in the town store and spent her evenings in writing.

It was ten years after David's disappearance. Mrs. Benton had been gradually failing in health, although she was under the care of a capable physician. As her condition became more serious, she often expressed a desire to see David once more, to hear his boyish laughter, his quick, light step on the walk.

Mary did her utmost to comfort her mother and to inspire he with new hope for David's return. Since her mother's illness she had written more earnestly than ever. On her twenty-fourth birthday she again sent a story in. Within a few weeks she received, with overwhelming joy, a letter stating that her story "The Little Gray Mother" had been accepted. Many people thought it queer that Mary used her real name on the book, but she only smiled when anyone mentioned the fact.

In the meantime David had drifted far since the night he left his little home town. He had gradually sunk lower until he finally became a tramp, working only when he had to.

One day when he had won some money, in a poker game, he was walking along the street, when he noticed a package lying on the sidewalk. He picked it up but did not open it until he reached the seclusion of a park bench. With a queer mingling of surprise and remorse, he gazed unbelievingly at the object. It was a copy of "The Little Gray Mother" by Mary Benton. As a rule tramps do not spend their time reading books, but with misty eyes David read page after

page. It was a story of a boy returning home to his heart-broken mother just before she died. David seemed to know that the book was a last appeal to him to return to his own mother. He also realized that he could not return home in his present condition. With the book under his arm he hastened to the nearest barber shop and thence to a clothing establishment. In a few hours he was walking toward the station, more like the David of his mother's dreams than he had ever been. It was about five o'clock when he boarded the train homeward bound. As the train sped on he reviewed again little details of his boyhood. At seven o'clock the next morning he was walking rapidly toward his home.

Mary was in the kitchen preparing breakfast when he came. With a glad cry of amazement she welcomed him. To David's anxious inquiry about his mother, Mary told him all that had happened since his departure. Then quietly she guided him to the room where Mrs. Benton was sleeping. They went noiselessly to her bedside, David was leaning over her trying to control a desire to take her in his arms, when suddenly she started and cried out pitifully "David, David!" She was calling to him in her dreams. Her eyelids fluttered and in a few minutes she awoke to find him at her side. Her joy was uncontrollable as she clasped David to her heart with a fast failing strength. "He has come back" she whispered, over and over again.

Suddenly her grip relaxed, she fell among the pillows. There was a bright light in her eyes as she lay there with her cold hands clasped in those of Mary and David. She smiled and her eyes closed forever.

His Bet

Edith Otto, '23

"You've got to pass that exam to-morrow, Bill, or else spend your vacation in making up that subject. And I want you to spend the summer with me. You'll surely fall in love with Sis, I'll bet!"

"No, I won't. I don't like girls. Even if I did your bet wouldn't be any good for I'm not going to pass this exam. 'Frisco' sounds good to me, though."

The first speaker was young John Reynolds, the second was Bill Warner. They were room-mates at the Colorado

School of Mines. Bill was from Pennsylvania and John from California. Bill was in danger of failing this examination in chemistry and had been cramming for the last few hours. If he passed it, it meant that he could accept Mrs. Reynolds's invitation to spend the summer with John.

"Well, work ahead. I've got some 'Math' to do so I won't bother you."

At the same hour the next evening the boys were again studying.

"Too bad, old top," said John as he looked up from his book. "I would like to have made good my offer but you'll have to stay here and bone up."

There was a knock at the door and Fred Arnold burst in upon them.

"Ho, Bill! Mr. Knowlton wants to see you."

"Thanks. Here's where I'm given the invitation to drop chemistry."

A few minutes later Bill came bounding into the room.

"I go to California, John! You know the Prof. sent a notice saying I had flunked? When I got down there he handed me an "A" paper and asked whether it was mine. I looked at the "A" and then at the writing. I knew the writing was mine but I couldn't account for the "A". "Prof." went on to tell me that he was not in the habit of giving credit to papers without names but when he had read mine and had seen what an improvement I had made, he decided to give me credit. I guess I thanked him a hundred times. I knew that spelt California for me."

"Gee, that's great, Bill!"

The last of June found the chums on their way to San Francisco where John's father owned an extensive fruit orchard and a fruit canning factory. Their home was a palatial residence on Orange Avenue. Besides John there was a daughter, Muriel, who was a student at Vassar. John was two years Muriel's senior. Muriel was to make her debut this season and for the first time, Mrs. Reynolds was really taking an interest in her. Mrs. Reynolds' time was divided between social functions and beauty parlors. Neither John nor Muriel could ever remember having been out with their mother. Mr. Reynolds, however, had always been interested in his children.

Out of courtesy for John's guest, Mrs. Reynolds was

at the station to meet them. With her was a very attractive young lady.

"Miss Dixon, I want you to meet Mr. Warner and my son John. This is the young lady I have been writing you about, John. Muriel is a friend of the family, Mr. Warner. The Dixons were neighbors of our until they moved to New York a year ago. Muriel has come to help plan the social functions for our Muriel, who will be here in about two weeks."

"Isn't she a peach, John?" Bill whispered as they drove home.

"Watch out, old fellow, or you'll lose your reputation as a woman hater," John answered him laughingly.

For two weeks Bill and Muriel saw much of each other. There was a constant whirl of gayety including charity balls, theatre parties, yacht races and lawn fetes.

Finally the day arrived for the return of Muriel Raynolds. Mrs. Reynolds was to give a dinner dance for her, and their home was beautifully decorated for the occasion.

Mr. Reynolds was short of labor during this season and the boys had gone to the orchard to help him. They did not return until seven o'clock.

"Where's Sis, mother?" John inquired anxiously when Bill and he came down dressed for dinner.

"She will be down directly."

At promptly eight o'clock Miss Dixon made her apppearance. She was especially beautiful, John thought.

John advanced to meet her, putting his arm around her. Bill looked his astonishment. John laughingly explained.

"Bill, I want you to meet my sister Muriel. Muriel, this is Mr. Warner."

"But I-er-", stammered Bill.

"I know," John replied. When I made that bet with you I couldn't possibly see how I could make good about the girl. I wrote to Muriel and explained. She offered to help. Her full name is Muriel Dixon Reynolds and for the time being she dropped the Reynolds. I had teased you so much about Sis that I was afraid you would be uncomfortable with her around. That was a good one on you."

"I'm ready to concede that you've won. If all bets turn out so delightful for the loser I'll spend my life in betting."

"Suppose you do," Muriel said archly as she turned to greet the first of her guests.

Nancy's Triumph

Catharine Murdock, '23

Deep down in her heart Nancy was disappointed. Very much so. The names of those who were to take the various parts for the class play had just been read. The seniors were enthusiastically preparing for this as their last triumph, before bidding farewell to West End High School. Nancy's name was not among the ones chosen, and, although she would be the last one to betray her feelings either by word or look, she had secretly hoped for a part, however small it might be. Instead of pouting she returned to her class room, and rejoiced with Helen, her chum over her good fortune, for Helen had been chosen for the principal part.

"Oh Nancy" cried Helen, grasping the other's hand and dancing about the room with her, "It doesn't seem possible that I should have been given the leading part. I could hardly believe it when I heard them call my name. Really I don't deserve all this."

"Of course you deserve it," Nancy quickly replied. "Who else if not you? I am as happy about it as you are Helen. I will help you learn your lines, and we will rehearse them together at home, so that you may make this the most successful of the year's activities."

Nancy was the only child of wealthy people who had adopted her when she was a baby, but they loved her dearly and granted her slightest wish. All this indulgence on the part of her parents, however, had not spoiled her and she still remained the quiet, lovable girl she had always been. But somehow Nancy lacked the pep and dash the others had, and they naturally took the lead. That must have been the trouble. Nancy was not a leader, but preferred to sit quietly back and do her share by helping when the opportunity presented itself. If there ever was a time when Nancy had a desire to be in the public eye, it was now. She knew her mother and father would be there and she was always striving to do what she thought would please them most.

She tried to forget her own disappointment and glory with her chum over the honor the class had bestowed upon her.

The girls did not see much of each other the next day, until near the close of the afternoon session, when Helen

spied Nancy down the hall, and had just time before going to class to invite her to be present at their first practice that evening.

There was much chattering in the auditorium as the boys and girls discussed their parts, Nancy helping much by her practical suggestions. The two girls returned to their home that night very tired but satisfied that the play was well on its way, and was going to do much to keep up the reputation of the class of '23.

The weeks passed and the long looked for day was not far off. Helen was doing splendidly with her part, thanks to Nancy's help. One day as the girls entered the library of Helen's home, their attention was arrested by a large yellow envelope on the desk. It was a telegram to Helen who tore open the envelope and hastily read the contents.

"Oh Nancy," she cried, "my mother is very ill and I must go to her at once. She has been visiting my aunt in Kensington for the past week, I wonder what could have happened to her. If I hurry I can go on the 11:26 train tonight."

In their haste to pack Helen's things both girls forgot everything for a moment. Suddenly they faced each other.

"Nancy, what will I do? The play is only three days off and I can't fail them at this late date. Oh, what will I do?" cried Helen in despair.

Then her face brightened. "Nancy" she began, "Do you think—Oh, could you take my place? you know my part nearly as well as I do. Please say yes."

Nancy hesitated a moment before she replied, "Yes, Helen, I know the part I believe I could carry it through, even though there are only three remaining days. For your sake I will take it and do my very best."

"You blessed angel, you will make a huge success of it I'm sure."

The next day Nancy started in a little fearfully on the task before her. The consternation of the senior class was relieved when they found Nancy was to be Helen's substitute.

At last the opening for the play arrived. The curtain rose and Nancy faced a large audience. During the first act she was a bit frightened. Gradually she gained confidence and with the splendid support of the other characters the play ran smoothly. By the second act Nancy had completely won the admiration of her audience. Then came the third and

last act and finally the climax. As the curtain slowly descended the applause assured the success of the play.

It was a happy and smiling Nancy that returned home carrying with her a huge bouquet of roses as a token of appreciation from her class, and a sign of her triumph.

The Brown Hat

Philip Curran, '23

The whole town of Midland was aroused over the $50,000 robbery of the Smith home. Newspapers head-lined the smallest development in the solution of the crime. Political leaders took advantage of the robbery to denounce the city government. In fact, it was the main topic of conversation everywhere in the town. And then, as if to add more fuel to the fire, the Chief of Police announced that a total of $15,000 would be given as a reward for the capture of the thief.

The effect of this announcement was to increase even more the activity of the police department and of every detective agency in the town. But there was one person who more than all others the announcement had aroused. He was Clarian Davis, a young detective with a thirst for adventure and a conquer-the-world attitude. When the news of the $15,000 reward heached him, he decided to leave Pine Shore, his home town, the next day, for Midland. However, his uncle, Captain Royer, who was a police officer in Midland, called to see him and hinted that Mayer Morbey, a notorious criminal, had committed the robbery but that it was impossible to get any trace of him.

The next day, just as Davis was ready to leave his home at Pine Shore for Midland, Captain Royce telephoned about some business matters he had entrusted to him.

"Everything's O. K. But what's the latest out there?" impatiently replied Davis.

"Nothing much, only Mayor Morley's gone out your way."

Davis's heart beat fast. At last the chance of a life time had come.

"Do you mean to say Mayor Morley is coming to Pine Shore?"

"I believe that's what I said. But what does that matter to you?"

The question was lost, for Davis banged up the receiver and ran for the railroad station, reaching his destination just as the train arrived. Boarding it, he remarked casually to a passenger: "You don't happen to know Mayer Morbey, do you?"

"Mayor Morley! Why, I'll say I do! See that fellow over there with the brown hat—that's him."

Davis walked over as directed and began dramatically: "You're arrested in the name of the law!"

To his dismay, Mayor Morley never moved. Davis started out again:

"You're ar—"

"Beg pardon, Mayor, here's a young man to see you," said one of the Mayor's friends.

"To see me!" exclaimed the Mayor, turning to Davis, "Well, what can I do for you?"

"You're arrested and we got you good. Come along now or I'll use force."

The Mayor was dumbfounded. He was to be the principal speaker at a banquet of his lodge in a city not far from Pine Shore. He could think of nothing he had done in his whole career which could be called a crime.

"What am I arrested for?" he demanded in amazement.

"You know better'n I do," was Davis's curt reply. "Don't know anything about the robbery, do you?"

"The robbery!" yelled the Mayor. "Non-performance of duty—just some new move of my political enemies." So the Mayor surrendered peacefully.

Now that he had actually made an arrest, Davis knew not what to do. The next train for Midland did not leave for half an hour. Somehow he trusted his prisoner but then he reasoned it was not the proper thing to do. So he decided to take him to a small restaurant across the street and wait for the next train.

He did this. Both men took off their hats and hung them on hooks. The mayor noticed that both of them had brown hats. "Quite interesting," he remarked to Davies. "Wouldn't it be interesting to collect all the men in the world who wore brown hats?"

"Yes," replied Davies, not knowing what else to say.

"And here comes another man with a brown hat," said the prisoner with increasing enthusiasm. "Quite interesting! Quite interesting!"

Fifteen minutes passed and in another fifteen he would have his prisoner on the road to Midland, and then $15,000 and a reputation for life. With thoughts like these running through his mind it was no wonder the mayor's soliloquy was lost on Davis.

Another five minutes passed and the man with the brown hat left, Then Davis remarked:

"I guess we had better start, five minutes till train time."

Davis reached for his hat. "Confound it!" he exclaimed "That fellow took my hat. Such luck!"

The mayor laughed. "That's a good one, Brown hats!"

"It's a good fit anyhow," Davis answered impatiently.

Two hours later they were in the city. To Davis, Midland was the "big city" and he felt "smart" in showing up those city fellows, as he termed them. "What do they know about this detective business anyhow?," he thought.

Davis marched his prisoner to the police station, where he found Captain Royer in charge.

"Congratulate me uncle, I have just arrested Mayer Morley," he said bring his prisoner forward.

"Next thing you'll be arresting the President," gasped Captain Royer, taking the matter as a joke.

"A political move I guess," spoke up the mayor.

"What! are you really arrested?" asked Captain Royer, in surprise.

"Sure," said Davis, this is Mayer Morbey you told me about. "You know," he continued, "the robbery."

The captain fell back on his chair and roared. His laughter could be heard all over the building. When he had recovered sufficiently he spoke:

"You've made one grand blunder. We want M-a-y-e-r M-o-r-b-e-y, not M-a-y-o-r M-o-r-l-e-y."

Upon hearing this the mayor looked relieved and then seeing the joke laughed even more than Captain Royer had. It was now Davis's turn to look crestfallen but despite disappointment he took their jokes good naturedly.

"An exciting adventure all right but I would like to get the owner of this brown hat," was the grumbling attitude of Davis as he reached home. "Perhaps it would be a good

idea if I would try to find the owner's name in it." He shook the hat and from the lining the following note dropped out:

"Will be at the corner of Broad and Ninth St., at seven o'clock in Buick. Be ready and ask no questions. Everything O. K. Will blow three times."

"Pretty interesting and pretty suspicious, too," mused Davis. He examined the note more closely. "I'll follow this up."

That evening Davis stopped his Buick car, which he had borrowed at the corner of Broad and Ninth Streets and blew the horn three times. A man stepped from the curb into the car, "Speed up," he yelled anxiously as he dropped a satchel at his feet. "We want to get out of here as soon as we can."

Davis did not so much as turn his head, but drove the car at high speed directly to the police station. Then with a quick movement he covered his man with a revolver. The man, off guard and surprised by Davis's action, was soon inside the police station.

There was great excitement for the police officers recognized Mayer Morbey. In a satchel in the car they found $45,000 in valuables. The whole force congratulated the young detective who single handed had solved a $50,000 robbery which baffled the whole police force of one of the largest of our western cities.

Cien Pies A La Izquerda

Paul Morrissey, '23

There were four of us in the smoking compartment of the Limited. Dr. Haynes, a well known scientist, George Ames, a noted lawyer, Bob Thorne and myself. Without warning the train stopped.

A moment later a small, gray-haired man entered. In his right hand he carried a heavy valise and over his left arm he carried a light top-coat.

Dr. Haynes rose and, extending his hand, addressed the stranger, "I think I've seen you before. You look like an old friend of mine who was my colleague at Oxford. His name was Charles Jordan."

"At Oxford? Of all the surprises, this is the biggest one, Haynes," was the reply.

Introductions followed. Haynes and Jordan talked about their university days. Finally the conversation became general and we drifted to the stock market. This interested all and we soon were discussing the merits and faults of various stocks. Jordan had said very little.

Suddenly, Haynes burst out, "Say, Jordan, whatever became of that old piece of parchment you had at Oxford. Did you ever find that buried treasure you talked so much about?"

Jordan smiled, "I still have that old parchment, but Haynes, I'm 'broke.' I've spent almost two fortunes trying to find this hidden wealth but as yet I have come upon nothing."

I looked at Bob. He was all attention. Addressing Jordan, he said, "Won't you tell us about it. It sounds interesting. I imagine it would be exciting. I have read of wonderful discoveries and have often wished I was the lucky person."

"Only a few attempts have been successful, perhaps one out of a hundred. I know how you young fellows are. After you have used up a fortune or two, as I have, you will realize how difficult it is to find such hidden stuff and wish you never had attempted it."

"If I tried, I believe I could find it."

Bob was becoming too insistent, I thought, so I interposed laughingly, "Bob, you never could find a treasure. Mr. Jordan has used up two fortunes. He has had the experience. He ought to know.' '

But Bob was persistent. Turning toward Jordan, he said, "Maybe you didn't look for it by good methods."

"Perhaps I did not pursue the right methods. Yet the fact that I found nothing proves that either my map of the location is incorrect or there is no treasure for I have carried out all the directions of the map."

"I'd like to see that map," was Bob's rejoinder.

As a last resort, I said, banteringly, "Old man, I'll bet you five hundred that you can't find the treasure. You couldn't find it, map or no map."

Haynes, who had been silent during this part of the conversation suggested, "Let Charley hold the stakes. I will testify to his honesty."

"You're on," answered Bob.

In the meantime, Jordan had opened his valise and had

extracted an old parchment and a piece of paper of modern texture. Bob and I wrote checks for the amount of the wager and gave them to Jordan.

He spread the two pieces before us and said, "In the first place the site is not far from Cascasia Pass, an unfrequented defile in the Rockies. The parchment is mapped out in old Spanish, while this other is diagrammed in English. An Indian gave me the parchment. He said it had been given to him by his uncle. A friend of mine translated the writing on it and made this other map from it. I'll help as much as I can but I think you will have the same results as I have had."

Bob was absorbed in the maps. Finally he asked, "If we find anything will you agree to divide with us?"

"There'll be no treasure to divide," Jordan replied dryly.

At this point, Ames played his part by drawing up a deed and affixing his and Haynes's names as witnesses.

Two weeks later found us at the place where the treasure was supposed to be hidden, Cascasia Pass, situated on the lofty summit of one of the mountains of the Sierra Nevadas. Nearby was a rude cabin which Jordan had built years before.

We consulted the maps, measured the distance from the Pass, that was designated by the spot from which the treasure site was to be measured, and began to dig, almost in the same spot Jordan had dug. Throughout all the proceedings Jordan stood by watching us skeptically, telling us that he had dug in the same place and had found nothing. Undaunted we continued digging for several days, not only in the same spot but also in several places nearby and around it. At length, on the afternoon of the fourth day of digging, Bob threw down his shovel and said, with a sigh, "I guess it's no use. Let's fill up the holes and quit."

There was a twinkle in Jordan's eye. "You see," he observed, "I was not wrong."

Later that evening as we sat, outside the cabin, watching the sun disappear behind a neighboring ridge, I suggested that we examine the maps once more. Jordan and Bob agreed. I turned to the shelf where Jordan had placed the maps under a small block of wood and extracted them. Then a strange thing happened. A piece of thin white paper, in all respects like tissue paper, curled up on the surface of the parchment. We were amazed, but Jordan exclaimed, "I remember. My

friend placed a piece of fine tracing paper over the parchment in order that writing could be easily discerned as he had poor eyesight. Evidently he forgot to take it off. I guess the directions are the same now that it's off, though."

As the writing was very faint, we examined the parchment with a powerful magnifying glass. I had studied Spanish while in college and I was able to translate the Spanish writing on it. There was a dotted line drawn from a point, that we interpreted as the Pass, to a queer mark, underneath which was written in Spanish, "Cien pies a la izquerda." Translated it meant, "A hundred feet to the left."

"But," interrupted Jordan in excitement, "the translation my friend gave me was, 'Cien pies a la derecha.' That means a hundred feet to the right."

"This word, 'izquerda,'" I interposed at the same time pointing to the map, "means 'left'."

"What? Then the translation was wrong? All these years lost?" He was almost overcome by agitation.

Being highly excited we measured the distance of a hundred feet to the left and began to dig. Jordan was helping now.

Before we had accomplished much, Bob exclaimed, "Jordan, if we find anything, the first thing we come across will be yours."

For several minutes we dug in silence. Then Jordan pausing for a moment, mused sadly, "Guess we won't find anything this time either."

He had only dug for a short time after this when his shovel encountered something hard. Soon he unearthed a small, rusty, iron box. Upon opening it, he found that it contained old gold and silver coins.

Bob had, however, continued to dig. Suddenly his shovel came upon something heavy which upon digging a little more, proved to be a larger box. In his eagerness, Bob exclaimed, "Too bad, Jordan, that we didn't get the first box and you this one."

There was a sad expression on Jordan's countenance. Imagine our chagrin upon opening it to find that our box was filled with old armor, which might command a few cents at any junk-yard. We dug a little longer but found nothing and so we returned with our spoils to the cabin. Jordan was a changed man, despite the small amount of treasure we ob-

tained. There was a twinkle in his eyes and a smile of contentment on his face.

Bob, too, was happy. "Well, old fellow," he observed, addressing me, "I guess I won the five hundred, but perhaps it would have been different had it not been for 'Cien pies a la izquerda."

And Jordan re-echoed the sentiment, " 'Cien pies a la izquerda.' Half a life time lost by an old parchment and 'Cien pies a la derecha.' Half a lifetime and only this for 'Cien pies a la izquerda'."

Their Adventure

Dwight Adams, '23

It was a sunny afternoon in June, 1920 that John Breecher and Henry Crawford were walking through a thickly wooded section of Germany. The boys who both were about eighteen years of age were Americans. Breecher's people had formerly lived in Germany. He had been left a considerable fortune at the death of his father, and since he did not know much about his ancestors he had decided to visit Germany. This is what he told Henry Crawford, who after much persuasion, went with him as a traveling companion. Crawford could not understand why a young man who had everything necessary to be happy should choose to go on such an expedition. He suspected some other reason for the trip.

After going down the wooded hill where we first found them they entered what appeared to be a deep ravine. Wishing to see more of the woods, the boys left the beaten path and cut through the underbrush. They had not gone far, however, when Henry stopped suddenly. His chum, hastening to his side, saw him looking intently at a stone on which a small arrow had been cut.

"This looks as though it has been put here for a purpose!" exclaimed John. "Let's follow it and see where it leads."

After going some seventy-five paces they came to another marker identical in size but pointing to the right. Following this direction the boys passed several more markers of the same type. The trail at last ended against a massive rock.

Thrilled with excitement, and remembering stories of hidden caves,they looked for an opening. John was the first to discover a small ring hidden in a recess of the rock. He pulled this and a section of the rock slid back smoothly. It was probably counter-balanced by another weight. Together they entered the opening and found themselves in a dark, narrow, passage-way. From his pocket John produced a small flashlight. The passage in which they stood was cut in solid rock, and was at least twenty feet long. At the end was a roughly finished room. Henry discovered an electric light switch at the doorway and pulled it. The room was immediately flooded with light. The lamps were supplied with power from some hidden source since the boys could see no wires entering the rock. This first was bare of furniture,but opposite the entrance was a heavy iron door. On opening this the boys found a completely furnished experimental station. The walls were covered with shelves on which were boxes and bottles of materials and apparatus. In one corner stood a desk on which were a typewriter and a large wireless telephone outfit. The storage batteries, probably destroyed by the action of the electrolyte, had not been used for a long time. John, in a hasty examination, discovered many kinds of explosives and rare chemicals on the shelves. Henry, who was a very inquisitive lad, found a set of electric switches. He pull one of these and heard a low rumbling sound. A loud crash followed this. His curiosity still, unsatisfied, he pulled another large switch. There was a blinding flash resembling lightning. John and Henry rushed from the cave and did not stop until they heard a loud explosion. They looked back to see the remains of the laboratory dropping back to earth.

The boys terrified by their act left the vicinity immediately. Henry remembered the time of Carl Schurz, when a man was imprisoned for life if found guilty of attacking an arsenal.

With the aid of their passports they were enabled to secure ocean passage at Hamburg. They left the country none too soon for news of the destruction had already reached the newspapers and officials.

After the boys were once more in their home in Ohio, John showed Henry a short clipping from a German news-

paper. He translated this for Henry's benefit. A summary of the clipping follows:

"On Thursday afternoon the people of H—— heard a terrific explosion. On investigating its source an officer of the law found a huge crater torn in the earth on the government tract outside the town. This land belonged to John Breecher, formerly of H——. Breecher went to America in 1891 and became an American citizen. At the outbreak of the recent war his land was confiscated by the government and an experimental and research laboratory was built on it. This was constructed secretly since no one in this vicinity knew anything about it. It seems that a bomb was placed in the cavern when it was abandoned and some intruder has evidently touched this off. Since no bodies have been found this intruder has been blown to atoms, providing a fit punishment for his crime."

"Well," commented Henry, "I am glad that last part is not true."

Then John explained, "My real purpose in going to Germany was to find out about that very land. A clause in dad's will gave me possession of some land. It was this land on which the laboratory was built. Thanks to your curiosity, it is lost for me."

"Well," teasingly answered Henry, "you didn't have to take me with you, did you? You wouldn't have been given the land anyway since land belonging to foreigners was confiscated and was not returned at the close of the war. At least I tried to blow a lot of it over here with us."

The mystery of the abandoned caverns was thus solved to the satisfaction of the inquisitive Henry Crawford.

To A Captive Bird

Agnes Hartnett, '23

Poor little songster in your cage,
What anguish you must endure,
Locked in a cage and forced to resist
This beautiful Spring day's lure.

Yet men expect you to sing,
When your poor little heart is sad,
Locked in a prison every day,
They think you should be glad.

God gave you your freedom,
But mere man took it away.
Live in hope, little songster,
You may be free again some day.

George Lee
"Hink."
Alice Hughes
Mary Kuckuck
Mary Horner
Mable Gooher
AS WE WERE
Mary Clare Flinn
"Marje"
Robert Kuckuck
Two Flins

TOOMEY

"DOT"

Freda

Nellie

Thora

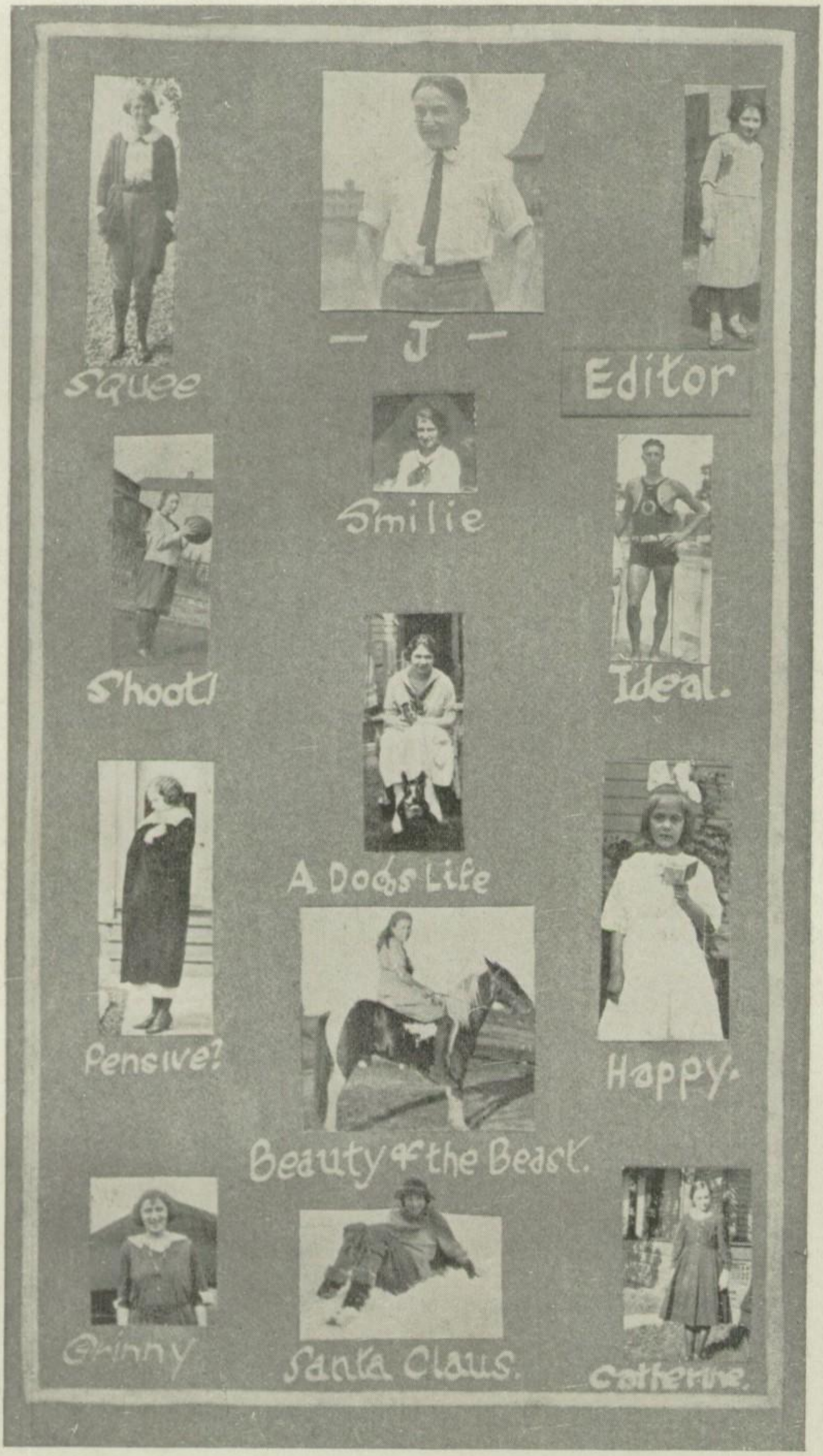
Jean

"Ag"

Emilie

BETTY MC M

BETTY G.


Squee
— J —
Editor
Smilie
Shoot!
Ideal.
A Dogs Life
Pensive?
Happy.
Beauty of the Beast.
Grinny
Santa Claus.
Catherine.

Class Horror-scope

NAME	ALIAS	APPEAR-ANCE	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	LIKES	DISLIKES	OCCUPATION	AMBITION
Adams, Dwight	"Sparks"	Shy	Believe me	Wireless	To loaf	Hurrying around	To rival Edison
Akers, Ludwina	"Weenie"	Tiny	Listen	Valley Pike	Street cars	Combing her hair	To be tall
Beas, Geraldine	"Gerry"	Demure	Oh, Really	Art	Pests	Putting on weight	School marm
Beaujon, Josephine	"Jo"	Attractive	Thunder	Curls	Suburbs	Running around	To own Cambria City
Bigler, Mildred	"Skid"	Chic	O Heck	Mules	Pests	Keeping late hours	To be thrilled
Bird, Donald	"Don"	Bashful	My Stars	To loaf	Bluffing	Sleeping	To be a civil engineer
Birk, Ralph	"Birk"	Quiet	Oh Crickets	To argue	Reading	Chewing gum	Chauffeur
Block, Louis	"Lou"	Shy	You win the watch	Themes(?)	The first seven periods of the day	Bluffing	No one knows
Bloom, Frank	"Irish"	Silent	Great Pickles	Vacations	Poetry	Being on time	To get rich
Blough, Nancy	"Hanks"	Bashful	Garden seed	To write letters	Going to bed	Answering the phone	To do it well
Bock, Henry	"Slippery"	Dignified	Darn it	To recite	Curly hair	Playing cards	To be a horse doctor
Bollinger, Jay	"Jay"	Studious	That's a dumb one	Pickles	Fords	Getting A's andB's	To be a bus boy
Bowman, John	"Roundy"	Dreamy	Har! Har!	"Tame" women	Study periods	Walking out the boulevard	? ? ?
Boyts, Richard	"Dick"	Small	I'm not sure	Girls	Garlic	Working night turn	
Broderick, Grace	"Doey"	Particular	It won't belong now	Tall men	Cornetists	Lady of leisure	To play in Paul Whiteman's
Burkhart, Ada	"Shorty"	Petite	How does my hair look	Angel drinks	Physics	Vamping	To be tall
Buterbaugh, Alta	"Dutch"	Mischievous	What key is that in?	To sing	Discords	Looking nice	To rival Galli-Curci
Churchill, Ivan	"Churchie"	Shieky	What's our Physiography lesson?	Study Hall		Playing pool	To be a lawyer
Coco, Marie	"Yank"	Athletic	Hot Toddie!	Basketball	Studies	Playing in the gym	To rival Jeritza
Conrad, Lynn	"Cony"	Kingly	I did know	Notes from "M"-a	To spoil a drawing	Drawing	To be an artist
Conroy, Roland	'Cony"	Just Big	Ah!	Public Speaking	Church	Addressing audiences	To take Jimmy Adam's place
Crotzer, Clair	"Crotz"	Fun Loving	It's the berries!	Morrell Place	Double dates	Racing thru the halls	To be a policeman

NAME	ALIAS	APPEARANCE	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	LIKES	DISLIKES	OCCUPATION	AMBITION
Curran, Philip	"Phil"	Ambitious	You're right	Math.	Girls	Doing nothing	To acquire an A-B degree
Davis, Catharine	"Catharine"	Quiet	Well—	Music	Flirts	Dreaming	To be tall
Davis, Madge	"Squire"	Carefree	Who's absent in our circle	Louis	Shakespeare	Studying Spanish	To be a Mrs.
Dorer, Rhoda	"Rhoda"	Sedate	I don't see why	Bobby Burns	Snobs	Asking questions	To Argue (?)
Doyle, Albert	"Al"	Studious	You don't say!	Math	Girls	Studying	To be a 2nd Mr. Krise
Driscoll, Eugene	"Bud"	Jovial	?!$) (- ?—*!!	Good jokes	Rudolph Valentino	Sleeping	Never showed any
Dunbar, Dorthy	"Dot"	Sedate	Good Night!	Good Books	Study Hall	Writing poetry	To teach
Duncan, Anna	"Giggles"	Talkative	Gracious!	Music	History	Smiling	To be a teacher
Eash, Margaret	"Peg"	Tall	Dunno	Chapel	The lawn	Knitting	To be a bridge shark
Edmonds, Mildred	"Mid"	Serious	Suffering cats!	Filing	Late hours	Cleaning typewriters???	To be "somebody's Stenog"
Elliott, Madeleine	"Mad"	Dreamy	O Gosh!	To "Wade"	Open cars	Collecting stories	To grow tall
Farrell, Louise	"Bill"	Bashful	Last night—	Bill	Rivals	Dreaming	To be a teacher?
Fink, Lawrence	"Finkie"	Reserved	Gee-Whiz?	To work	Jokes	Jerking sodas	To be a dentist
Fink, Verda	"Smiles"	Friendly	Hurry Up!	To Study	C's	Making A's	To be a stenographer
Fitzpatrick, Mary	"Fritz"	Sweet	Tee Hee!	To play basketball	Men	President of the A. A.	To be an athletic director
Fleckenstein, Edward	"Fleckie"	Amiable	How about to-night?	To recite?	Bashful girls	Life-guard	To be tall
Flinn, Mary Clare	"Madame"	Excited	Oh———?	To read	To memorize	Singing	To rival Homer
Flinn, Gertrude	"Gertrude"	Small	Hurry up Clare!	To study	To sew	Keeping track of Clare	Matrimony
Foster, Mary B.	"Foster"	Snappy	O horses!	Church	Lillies	Walking around with Bob	To rival Farrar
Fritz, Lawrence	"Fritzie"	Male-vamp	Better late than never	'Em all	To lose a case	Arguing	To take Caruso's place
Gates, Helen	"Gates"	Good-looking	O Heck!	Automobiles	Sissies	Taking care of "Dot"	To rival Pola Negri
Geisel, Melda	"Meldie"	Dainty	Heavens!	English	Straight hair	Teasing	To be a toe dancer
German, Betty	"Betts"	Occupied	I'll say so	Night owls	Shiny nose	Sleeping in class	Hasn't decided
Getty, Charles	"Charley"	Classy	"Hi-there"	Girls	Baby-boys	Watching Jerry	Tight rope walker
Getty, Jerome	"Jerry"	Swell	"What's that?"	Fords	Nothing	Watching Charley	To be a clerk in Cupp's store

NAME	ALIAS	APPEAR-ANCE	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	LIKES	DISLIKES	OCCUPATION	AMBITION
Gocher, Mabel	"Mab"	Nifty	Now listen	Altoona	12:26 Going East	Having late dates	To be a janitress in J. H. S.
Good, Harvey	"Goodie"	Kinda-light	Gee Whiz!	Girls	Dancing	Keeping brother straight	To be a pharmacist
Greenawalt, Mercedes	"Sed"	Unassuming	By heck!	Boys	To sing	Looking at the clock	To keep "sis" straight
Griffiths, Nathaniel	"Nat"	Busy	How about to-night Sue?	Blue-eyed Susan	Player pianos	Collecting Dramatic dues	To rival Paderewski
Guzik, Anna	"Ann"	Cheerful	Good night	English	Outdoor air?	Arguing	To be a debater
Haddle, Raymond	"Peep"	Sleepy	I'm sleepy	Moxham	Street cars	Hiking??	To be a marathon runner
Harenburg, Harold	"Ham"	Swift	How does your set work?	Radio	Girls	Listening in	To be an orator
Hartnett, Agnes	"Ag"	Attractive	Three cheers for the Irish!	To argue	To be an old maid	Flirting	To be a poetess
Heffley, Rebecca	"Becky"	Dignified	Forevermore	To sing	Pests	Singing	To be Alma Gluck's rival
Hill, Kenneth	"Ken"	Sorta small	Just threw the pack away	Ask him!	Street cars	Playing Ping Pong	To grow tall
Hinkle, Helen	"Hinks"	Modest	Was I flat on that one?	Music	Housework	Singing	To be an actress?
Hoffman, Dorothy	"Dot"	Happy	You chase me!	Fords	Lillies	Lady of leisure	To be married
Horner, Emmalein	"Jack"	Dreamy	Maybe	Formal dances	To grow tall	Taking care of infants	To be a nurse
Horner, Freda	"Fritz"	Bashful	I'll bite—what is it?	Movies	People who look for trouble	Smiling	To put on weight
Horner, Mary	"Billy"	Kinda tall	That gug!	Washing dishes?	To put on weight	No one knows	To reduce
Horner, Rachel	"Infant"	Demure	I'm all right	Practicing	Boys	Playing	To be a teacher
Horney, Susan	"Sue"	Sunny	Good-night Nat—!	Music	Trouble	That would be telling	To be Mrs. "Nat"
Hornick, John	"John"	Harmless	Two in the first row	Good Movies	Playing marbles	Making money	To be a farmer
Huges, Alice	"Al"	Jovial	Step on it	Windber	Late dates	Getting up early	To own a car
James, Robert	"Bob"	Dignified	We won	Basketball	An o-o score	Keeping quiet	To coach a team
John, Catharyn	"Cats"	Tallkative	Yea bo—	Boys	Books	Dancing	To be a society belle
Kahl, Robert	"Snakes Jr"	Tall	Where's M. B.?	?—Guess!	Studies	Keeping the road to Goldie St. warm	To be a musician
Keene, Walter	"Walt"	Small	You tell 'em	Tall girls	Funerals	Experimenting	To be a contractor

NAME	ALIAS	APPEARANCE	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	LIKES	DISLIKES	OCCUPATION	AMBITION
Kerr, Marjorie	"Margie"	Enlightening	Oh Gosh!—I don't know	To sleep	Teaching Sunday School	Talking	To be a journalist
Krebs, Louise	"Squee"	Charming	I haven't a thing to wear	Good times	Short fellows	Having dates	To be a 2nd Pavlowa
Kuckuck, Mary	"Cuckoo"	Noiseless	Oh Gosh!	Shakespeare	Naggers	Studying	To be a school marm
Kurtz, Robert	"Bob"	Sleepy	I got it	Electricity	Pests	Fixing his radio	To run a peanut stand
Lambing, J. Deane	"J D"	Snappy	Ye Gosh!	Math	Girls	Fixing his tie	To be a cop
Larkin, Louise	"Weese"	Excited	You're darn tootin'	Movies	60 minute slips	Singing popular songs	To be "Some body's Stenog"
Lauridson, Thora	"Toppy"	Adorable	I'd hate to tell you	To play cards	Dancing	Keeping "sis" at home	To be a bridge shark
Lee George	"Tillie"	Dignified	Nobby	Law	To lose a case	Managing the Spectator	To be a lawyer
Lohman, Frances	"Speed"	Busy	Let's go to the library	Moxham Movies	To get to school on time	Walking fast	To be a 2nd Fontaine Fox
Lohman, Roberts	"Bob"	Snappy	Orchard for me?	Windber	To be awakened in school	Filling dates	To be a lawyer
Long, Dorothy	"Dot"	Dressed up	Do you have your English?	Candy	Books	Singing	To be the Sheik's wife
Lopresti, Philip	"Phil"	Quiet	Where's that experiment?	Bananas	Girls	Driving a truck	To take over his father's business
Malasky, Herman	"Herm"	Rare	How about it, Flo?	Blondes	Flat heads	Going to McKeesport	To look like Harold Lloyd
Maley, John	"Jay"	Peppy	Don't forget those Dues!	Athletics	"Fairies"	Managing	To live in Roxbury
Martin, Herbert	"Herb"	Sporty	Try and get it	Most Everybody	Shaking sodas	Playing	To own Kredel's
Meyers, Rosemary	"Sis"	Very Shy	Heavens!	Social Problems	Studying	Reciting	To be an old fashioned wife
Miller, Kathleen	"Katty"	Roguish	Good-nite!	Good books	Flies	Writing verse	To be a poetess
Mitchell, Curtis	"Curt"	Reserved	Oh, gee!	To eat	Sleepless nights	Keeping quiet	To be an aviator
Morgan, Hazel	"Slim"	Jolly	Tee Hee!	Sweets	Thin people	Giggling	To invent a "reducer"
Morrissey, Paul	"Oil"	Occupied	No indeed!	To write essays	A's (?)	Passing bills for the movies	To discover an oil gusher
Motter, Cora	"Red"	Gentle	Yea!	Lots of fun	Dark hair	Taking care of Anna May	To get a position
Mozgo ,George	"Bates"	Kinda tall	What's that?	To be fat	Being loved by two girls	Keeping late hours	To rival Elman

NAME	ALIAS	APPEARANCE	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	LIKES	DISLIKES	OCCUPATION	AMBITION
Murdock, Catharine	"Katy"	Laughing	That's fierce	To write essays	Staying in after 3.20	Preparing for recitals	To be a writer
McCartney, Mary	"Mary"	Silent	Oh!	To sleep	The train from Bolivar	Hustling	To be an angel
McCollam, Sylvia	"Syl"	Neat	Well!	Rouge	To be contradicted	Studying	To gain in weight
McDougall, Jean	"Mac"	Nobby	Oofus Goofus	"Read"-ing	Single dates (?)	Collecting footballs	To own a Packard
McMeans, Betty	"Betts"	Breezy	I'll bite; what is it?	"Duds"	Conceited people	Writing to Mercersburg	To drive the Dodge
Neafach, Eva	"Little Eva"	Saintly	They have a special home for people like that!	Good dancers	Sissies	Going out	To drive a Buick
Neel, Thomas	"Tom"	Pleasant	I don't understand	To make speeches	To study	Working hard	To be an "ideal dad"
Nicholas, Anna May	"Nich"	Mysterious	Gee Whiz	To chew gum	To write letters	Staying out	To be an old maid
Nickel, Harold	"Nick"	Industrious	Hot stuff	To write stories	To be bothered	Looking wise	To own a drug store
Olejar, Paul	"Polly"	Long	Fooled you!	Virgil	No one in particular	Shunning the girls	To be a Salvation Army man
Oppy, Catharine	"Katrinka"	Darling	Yee Gosh!	Norbert	Bookworms	Translating Spanish	To be a private secretary
Oppy, Harry	"Edison"	Noisy	Go chase yourself	Anything funny	Money	Listening in	To discover perpetual motion
Otto, Edith	"Ed"	Attractive	Ye Gods!	To drive the Car	Discords	Looking pretty	To marry him
Patch, Florence	"Patches"	Devilish	How should I know?	Movies	Public speaking	Studying (?)	To be a teacher
Pender, Milton	"Mule"	Masterful	Whoa!	Mules	Work	Late hours	To be lucky
Phillips, Harry	"Tub"	Dashing	Where's your Dues?	To "bawl out" Term VIII	Collecting	Getting Spectator ads	To stay in?
Raab, Vivian	"Chick"	Modish	I'm not proud	"Bakers"	Affectation	Chewing erasers	To become a dramatic celebrity
Raush, Catherine	"Toots"	Colorful	Excuse me if I seem to laugh	The impossible	Men (?)	Running with the gang!	Hasn't any
Reed, Robert	"Bob"	Neat	Gotta match?	A car full of gas	More than four woman at a time	Fighting	To make his hair lie in place
Reese, Ida	"Id"	Aristocratic	It's all apple sauce	To drive the Packard	Shrimps	Playing jazz	To be "Dad's" private sec.

NAME	ALIAS	APPEARANCE	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	LIKES	DISLIKES	OCCUPATION	AMBITION
Rickabaugh, Norris	"Norrie"	Breezy	For the love of Mike!	To loaf	English	Riding in a Ford	To play a harp
Roberts, Carlton	"Carlie"	Grinning	Hello, sweetness	Olives	To hurry	Looking wise	To be a postman
Robertson, Nellie	"Nell'	Giggling	Oh, my dear	To sing	Sissy fellows	Making eyes	To win a Remington award
Rodgers, Hazel	"Rody"	Busy	You g'wan now	To talk	Report cards	Reading	To run a cafeteria
Roger, Samuel	"Sam"	Just so	Let's go	Algebra	Girls	Flying around	To own a Ford
Safko, Joseph	"Dad"	Pickled	How's the weather down below?	Athletics	Women	Bluffing	To graduate
Sheridan, Spear	"Spirits"	Breezy	Sweet Mama!	Dizzy parties	Dead people	Calling Pep Club meetings	To be an orator
Sickles, Victoria	"Vic"	Old-fashioned	Aw gee!	Social Problems	Making reports?	Keeping quiet	To be a "stenog"
Silk, Anna	"Ann"	Wise	Let's go	Squirrel Coats	Housework	Typing	To work in the bank
Silk, Sara	"Sar"	Thoughtful	Oh, jolly	Typing	To be wrong	Making sweaters	To speak Spanish
Smith, Leona	"Smits"	Weary	Isn't that funny?	Street cars	Sewing	Being conspicuous	To get married
Snavely, Richard	"Dick"	"Red"	"Yeh"	To have car hitting on all (10)	Women	Monkeying with with the radio set	To be a poet
Soule, Nellie	"Soul-ee"	Dignified	Heavens!	Spanish	Nightwork	Laughing	To be a tailoress
Spangler, Robert	"Bob"	Grinning	Bull!	Curls	Conceited people	Running 305	To beat Lew Cody
Spires, Verna	"Dolly"	Demure	What!	To grin!	To laugh	Studying	To get out of J. H. S.
Stager, LaVerne	"Bill'	Midnight	Holy Moses!	Packards	Speed tests	Coaching the Freshies	To be editor of 'Hard to Digest'
Stammely, John	"Doggie"	Handsome	Hot slush!	To have his pipe in good trim	Women??	"Getting by"	To own the J. T. Co.
Statler Wilbur	"Web"	Stately	I don't know	Fords	Work	Dreaming in study hall	He won't tell
Suppes, Chauncey	"Speed"	Sleepy	Oh, gosh!	Law	To be a witness	Loafing	To be a millionaire
Swope, Harold	"Swopie"	Classy	Where's Sara?	To tease	Fat people	Spooning	To say it with flowers
Thomas, Beatrice	"Bee"	Slim	What's the use of thinkin'?	Everybody	Rainy days	Car-riding	To get married
Thompson, Rebecca	"Reba"	Attractive	Oh, my heavens!	3:20	60 minute slips	Having dates	Matrimony
Thomson, Adele	"Dizzie"	Good	You're goofy!	To talk	M and M	Going to movies	Everything
Toomey, Helen	"Toomey"	Full of life	(--)?--!--??	Dances	"Bum" orchestras	Studying??	To be happy

NAME	ALIAS	APPEAR-ANCE	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	LIKES	DISLIKES	OCCUPATION	AMBITION
Tremellen, Elmer	"Pete"	Snappy	S'tough luck	"Dots"	Double dates?	Going to Ferndale	To be a life guard
Tross, Mary	"Trossie"	Demure	Good-night!	Dates	S. Problems	Making noise	To be a school marm
Viering, Mary L.	"Viering"	Athletic	We'll win	To dance	To lose a game	Cheerleading	To rival Irene Castle
Wallace, Emilie	"Tommy"	Sorta stout	Very good, Eddie	To be thin	To work	Sleeping	To look like Irene Castle
Waters, Robert	"Bob"	Studious	Hey, monkey!	School??	Physics	None whatever	To ride a bicycle
Whorl, Wilbur	"Ambition"	Lazy	Oh, slush	Basketball	Studying	Directing traffic	To graduate
Will, Helen	"Hellie"	Quiet	Can you tie that?	Social Problems	Trouble makers	Teaching Sunday School	To be a lawyer
Williams, Dean	"Dink"	Dinkey	G'wan lay down	"The Tribune"	Working	Greasing lightning bugs	To own a newspaper
Wilson, Bertha	"Bee"	Swell	'Zatso	You'd be surprised	Few men	Boat riding on the Stonycreek	Find out
Wonder, Florence	"Flo"	Irish	Say listen	Dramatic Club	Hurrying	Playing Ping Pong	To be an actress
Younkin, Clair	"Younk"	Tubby	Maybe	"Ada"	Physics	Writing to Vandergrift	To be a scientist
Zasofsky, Alex	"Al"	Dignified	Can you feature that?	Pansies	To get rich	Tiddley-Winks	To be a window cleaner

Principal's Page

Public High School Students Lead in Scholarship.

Princeton University made the announcement some time ago that a much larger number of scholarship honors had been won by students prepared in public high schools than by boys coming from private preparatory schools. The same complimentary report came from Harvard two or three years ago. It was stated in this report that "The students trained in the public high schools made a very much better showing in scholarship honor than the private school students made". These reports are gratifying to the friends of our high schools and are the best proofs that the critics of the high schools are all wrong.

In this report from Harvard it was stated that students coming from private preparatory schools made a higher record in the examinations than the public school boys did, but in a short time after entering college the boys prepared in private schools were left far behind in the race for scholarship honors. Five times as many "summa cum laude" honors were won by Harvard students prepared in the public high schools than were awarded to students coming from the private preparatory schools.

Last year a similar report came from Yale. In that university the boys who prepared for college in private schools made a very much less satisfactory showing than was made by students prepared in the public high school.

These reports are from three of the largest, the oldest and best universities of our country and they are decidedly favorable to the public high school. If we had reports from other leading institutions it is entirely safe to say that an equally good showing has been made by the boys of our public high schools every where.

There is no question but that the kind of training given in the public high schools developes a larger degree of initiative, resourcefulness, mental discipline than is acquired in the private schools. Furthermore, the best education for a democracy is that afforded by the tax-supported democratic high schools.

THE SPECTATOR STAFF

The High School Spectator

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EDITORIALS

To Twenty-Three

Once more, the end of a school year approaches. Once more, the last day of school and commencement approach. Once more the call of the world comes and enthusiastically, another class responds. But how different this year end seems. It is difficult to realize that our friends, our schoolmates, and **our** companions of years are to set out for themselves in the big adventure of life. Their leaving concerns us so intimately that our minds are filled with conflicting emotions.

For the outgoing seniors, the regret of leaving old J. H. S. is, in a measure, overcome by the hopes which they have for the future; for they think happily of a new era in their lives.

Members of the class of twenty-three, you are leaving old J. H. S. better for your having been here. Take with you happy memories of your four years as students. The school as a whole and especially the members of the class of 1923 1-2 who will take your places, wish to express deep appreciation of your work, and their regret for your leaving. The school will remember you as a class, prominent in all the activities of the school, and its life.

W. McH.

Our Dreams

Ever since we can remember we have been dreamers—even the most practical of us. When very small children we belived in fairies and dreamed of kings and queens. As we grew a little older we eagerly snatched for pencil and paper to write. Though the result was merely a few scratches, we pretended to read it and dreamed of the time when we should go to school. As public school students we began to formulate plans and ambitions for the to-morrow. Again during our high school career we have dreamed of the future and what it holds in store for us.

Now, as we are about to leave high school, our senior plans show that we still are dreaming of great things to accomplish. Some of us are dreaming of higher education and of entering the professions; others of our number are dreaming of great business enterprises through which they will be of service to the world. We may be "seeing the world in borrowed colors," but what youth has not done so? Is it not our right, for

"We are the dreamers of dreams,
For each age is a dream that is dying
Or one that is coming to birth."

E. N. N., '23

THE STUDENT COUNCIL

Jay Bollinger

Regular chapel exercises were held April 11 and 12. Lieutenant John Rodgers, recently returned from the Rhine, spoke on his experiences as a member of the Army of Occupation. Lieutenant Rodgers at one time served as athletic coach in our high school.

The final meeting of the Fathers' Club was held Friday evening, April 13, in the auditorium. Prof. J. S. Killius, director of the vocational schools, delivered an interesting talk on vocational training. He spoke of the place held by the industrial shop work in the school system and pointed out its advantages as a preparation for constructive work in the community.

On Thursday evening, April 12, the Dramatic Club entertained their friends at an open meeting. Members of the club had been studying short plays of the Irish school. As a result of this study they presented "The Workhouse Ward", "Spreading the News" and "The Rising of the Moon". It was the first appearance of the club and their efforts were pleasing to their friends.

The casts of the plays were as follows: "The Workhouse Ward": "Mike McInerny," Eugene Driscoll; "Michael Miskell," Emery Kristoff; "Mrs. Donohoe," Mamie Bloomberg. "Spreading the News": "Bartley Fallon," Paul Olejar; "Mrs. Fallon," Mary Clare Flinn; "Jack Smith," Lawrence Fritz; "Shaun Early," Thomas Harris; "James Ryan," James Donohoe; "Tim Casey," Francis Lohman; "Mrs. Tarpey," Florence Wonder; "Mrs. Tully," Agnes Hartnett; "Jo Muldoon," Raab Hamilton; "A Magistrate," Philip Lopresti. "The Rising of the Moon": "Sergeant," Perry Volpitto; "Policeman X," Raymond Custer; "Policeman B," Clair Younkin; "A Ragged Man," Nathaniel Griffiths.

Interesting chapel exercises were held April 18 and 19. Mr. Charles Ripple, Commandant of the Menoher Post, outlined the plans of an essay contest sponsored by the Post. Mr. Shaw, assistant forester of the local district, spoke on the dangers of forest fires. He made a plea for more care on the part of those who frequent the forests and showed the necessity of increased reforestation.

The A-B Club held a meeting in the Auditorium April 20. Final arrangements for the A-B chapel exercises were made.

The Term VIII class held several meetings during the past month. The class decided to give an operetta as their final class production. The work chosen is the "Bells of Beaujolais." The election of managers for the operetta was held at a later meeting. The results were as follows: Business Manager, Harry Phillips; Property Manager, Carlton Roberts;Advertising Manager, Francis Lohman; Stage Manager, Wilbur Statler.

The chapel exercise of April 25 was given over to the essay contest sponsored by the Veterans of Foreign Wars. The results of the contest were announced by Mr. Stack, supervisor of high schools. Catherine Murdock, a member of the Senior Class, submitted the best essay in our school. Sabella Geisel, Helen Dowdell, and Charlotte Culp, of the Term VII class, turned in the best group of essays. They won a handsome silk American flag for the school. The Honorable Alvin Sherbine, honorary member of Menoher Post, delivered a stirringly patriotic talk in presenting the National emblem.

The students of Miss Schnirel's Spanish classes held a party in the High School, Friday evening, April 27. This party was held to commemmorate the death of Miguel de Cervantes, Spain's most famous author and the writer of the first modern novel, "Don Quixote." A varied and interesting program was carried out as follows: Presentation of a medal to Miss Margaret Eckel, who wrote the best essay on "Cervantes"; a one act play entitled "Lost Pantalones", presented by the pupils of Term V Spanish; a "Bull Fight" carried on

by several Spaniards which was one of the most unique and entertaining features of the party; dance and reception. Fine favors were given and refreshments were served after the dance. The High School was elaborately decorated. The Spanish pupils and their guests were unanimous in declaring the party one of the best held in the High School in recent years. It will become an annual event for the students who are enrolled in the Spanish classes.

The cast of characters of the play "Los Pantalones" was as follows: "Dona Paulo", Louise Plotkin; "Juan", Perry Volpitto; "Carmen", Nellie Soule; "Louisa", Madeline Elliott; "Felipo", Ned Stutzman; "Pepita", Thelma Orris.

The "Bull-Fight" in true Spanish style was staged by Antonio Arteaga and Jose Serrente, natives of Spain, and Justo Arias of Mexico City.

Music in the High School

Grace Broderick, '23

One cannot participate in High School life and not become interested in music. In chapel semi-classical and folk songs are sung; which help the pupil to become acquainted with the songs that every true American should know.

The two chorus classes that meet twice a week are under the instruction of a competent instructor; and are taught songs that require time and work. These interesting classes train the student to appreciate good music.

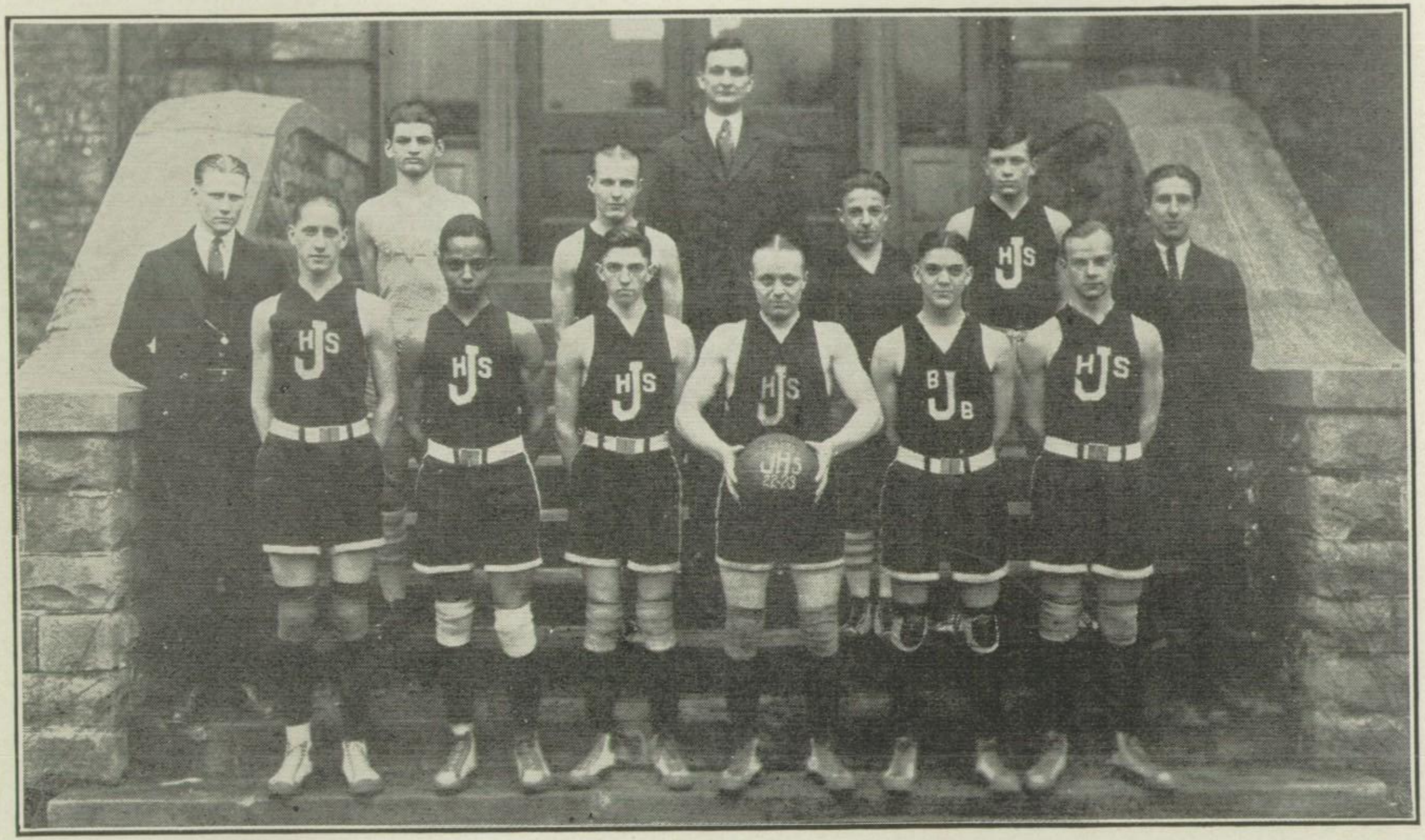
The history of music class, another phase of the musical department of our high school, study the lives and compositions of the famous composers. The pupils are also taught, through the medium of the victrola, the art of listening to good music, and the appreciation of the efforts of the composers.

In the School Music Class the pupils are taught syllables, sight reading and the method of teaching songs to grade children.

A well balanced orchestra furnishes music for the chapel exercises, and is frequently called upon to play for local organizations outside of school.

The band, another attraction in our high school, is composed entirely of students. Under a student director, the band plays for all athletic functions. This relieves the instructor and inspires responsibility among the students.

In the last few years the music department, under the direction of Mr. Odell has raised the musical standard, but it takes more than capable instruction to bring out the best in music. The students must become interested and give their best efforts in order that music may hold its rightful position in the Johnstown High School. Why not give your support?



THE BASKET BALL TEAM

THE 1922-1923 BASKETBALL SEASON

The 1922-1923 Basketball aggregation of the Johnstown High School has just completed the season, leaving behind them an enviable record. The local team scored 927 points to the opponents 740, and out of 27 games played, 24 were won by the local quintet.

The summary of the games played this season:

Johnstown 27; Westmont 18.
Johnstown 18; Conemaugh 16.
Johnstown 21; Windber 23.
Johnstown 40; Windber 25.
Johnstown 38; Conemaugh 25.
Johnstown 41; Westmont 33.
Johnstown 23; Westmont 22.
Johnstown 46; Westmont 28.
Johnstown 27; Windber 23.
Johnstown 43, Westmont 39.
Johnstown 35; Conemaugh 30.
Johnstown 28; Windber 25.
Johnstown 31; Lock Haven 35.
Johnstown 30; Altoona 27.
Johnstown 38; Lock Haven 34.
Johnstown 39; Ebensburg 28.
Johnstown 39; Ferndale 23.
Johnstown 47; Altoona 39.
Johnstown 31; Indiana 26.
Johnstown 43; Huntington 14.
Johnstown 32; Connellsville 31.
Johnstown 41; Ferndale 35.
Johnstown 34; Huntington 21.
Johnstown 21; Ebensburg 30.

Johnstown 39; Connellsville 35.
Johnstown 32; Latrobe 25.
Johnstown 43; Latrobe 30.
The scoring of each individual player:

	Goals	Fouls	Total
Weigel	74	239-407	387
Harris	51	103-231	205
Krise	60	.....	120
Shaffer	30	0-4	60
O'Connor	25	7-23	57
Siehl	21	14-22	56
Passero	5	8-14	18
Burkhard	5	.....	10
Kline	4	.....	8
Lambert	2	.....	4
Reilly	1	.....	2
Total	278	371-701	927

Not such a bad record, eh what?

There are several of the fellows who will not be on the squad next year because they will have graduated, but with those boys who will be back, Weigel, O'Connor, Shaffer, Lambert, Harris, and several others, we hope to turn out another winning squad. And say fellows, one word more! On behalf of the student body I wish to congratulate Mr. Simmons for the effort he made in turning out the 1922-1923 Basketball Team.

TRACK

With the coming of the warm weather Johnstown began practice on another branch of athletics, Track. The first nights the fellows turned out in discouraging numbers. That accounts for the fact that there is little material but it shows signs of rounding into a first-rate team, and we surely appreciate the efforts of the fellows who are trying to make the team.

JOHNSTOWN HIGH SCHOOL FACULTY

The widespread practice of devoting one department of the school paper to the exchanging of ideas and friendly criticisms with the publications of fellow schools has proved itself not only of real material value, but also of much interest generally. In order to obtain the greatest efficiency in this common feature of our work we have endeavored, during the past year to give, candidly and amicably, our own opinion of the efforts of our friends in other schools.

The earnest purpose of our paper has been to benefit by the helpful and friendly criticisms of our exchanges, and we wish at this time to thank the editors for their friendly comments. Following are the opinions of other high school papers on the Spectator:

"Spectator," Johnstown, Pa.—Your Senior number was delightful. Stories exceptionally well written.—"Pattersonian," Mount Joy, Pa.

"Spectator," Johnstown, Pa.—Your business manager is certainly on the job judging by the amount of advertising in your December number. "Ruthless Rhymes" adds greatly to your magazine.—"Orange and Black," Jersey Shore, Pa.

"Spectator," J. H. S., Johnstown, Pa.—Ruthless Rhymes were found interesting. "The Spectator" is certainly backed by literary talent.—"Taj," Harrisonburg, Va.

"Spectator," Johnstown, Pa.—Your Alumni number was fine!—"Junta," Indiana, Pa.

"Spectator," Johnstown, Pa.—We always look joyfully ahead to receiving your magazine. Since this is your Senior Number, we wish to congratulate your class on the fine work you have done in the producing of the issue.—"Spokesman," Tyrone, Pa.

"Spectator," Johnstown, Pa.—We have just received another number of "The Spectator," from Johnstown, Pa. We always enjoy it and we hope it comes again.—"Orange and Black," Middletown, Conn.

During the past year we have received some excellent material in the exchanges and feel that this is the most appropriate time to acknowledge it.

"Thistle," Toledo, Ohio.

The editorials in your magazine are extremely interesting. The literary editor is certainly awake judging from the large number of fine stories in your journal. We always look forward to receiving your magazine and hope it will continue to come next year.

"Pinion," McKinley High School, Honolulu, Hawaii.

We found the local topics to be extremely interesting. You have some very fine poetry in your paper, something that few other high school papers can boast of having. The cartoons in your paper are clever.

"Utelum," Darby, Pa.

Your paper is a very neatly arranged journal, although better cuts would improve. We think the addition of a few more stories would greatly improve the literary department. Your Athletics are well edited.

"Junta," Indiana, Pa.

Your magazine is the most evenly proportioned of all our exchanges. All your departments excellent.

"St. Joseph's Prep Chronicle," St. Joseph's College High School, Philadelphia, Pa.

We are primarily interested in your literary department; it is large and contains so many articles worth reading. The poems, too, are excellent, "Solitude" deserving special mention. Your exchange department excels that of any of our other friends.

"Powhatan," Cresson, Pa.

Your editor has admirably expressed the view point of the average student towards examinations and has suggested a most commendable substitute. You have a very fine little paper and we wish you the greatest of success.

"Argus," Findlay College, Findlay, Ohio.

Your journal is fine. You publish more concise articles of real value than any exchange which has yet come under our notice.

"High School Moon," Niles, Mich.

We have been truly interested in your publication, but we think you would be able to publish a more neatly arranged paper if you would make it a monthly. We wish to congratulate your basketball team on their very successful year and on being state champions.

"Orange and Black," Middletown, Conn.

You have developed into an all-around representative school paper. All your stories for March are interesting and worth reading, while your athletic department has been well worked up. Your jokes are select. A new cover design might show a further advance.

We also acknowledge with thanks the following magazines: "Cactus Chronicle", Tucson High School, Tucson, Arizona; "Argus", Huntington, Pa.; "Black and White," Monessen, Pa.; "Cub", "University of Detroit High School, Detroit, Mich; "Dawn", Connecticut School for Boys, Meridan, Conn.; "Flambeau", Sandy High School, DuBois, Pa.; "Lore", Lewistown, Pa.; "McKinley High School Monthly", Canton, Ohio; "Taj", Harrisonburg, Va.; "Spokesman", Tyrone, Pa.

THE DRAMATIC CLUB

Former Congressman John Marshall Rose died at his apartments in Congress Hall Hotel, Washington, D. C., early Sunday morning, April 22, after an illness lasting about four months. The body was brought to Johnstown, the funeral taking place at Grandview Cemetery on Wednesday afternoon, April 25.

John Marshall Rose was born in Johnstown and educated in the local schools. He was a member of "The Old Guard" of the Alumni Association. He was graduated from Washington & Jefferson College in 1880 and began the study of law in the offices of his uncle, W. Horace Rose, Esq. He was admitted to the Cambria County Bar in 1884. In 1888 he was elected to the State Legislature, and was not a candidate for re-election. He devoted his time to his law practice and became one of the leaders in his profession in Cambria County.

In 1916 Mr. Rose re-entered politics. He was elected to Congress in the fall of that year, and remained in office for three successive terms. While in Congress, Mr. Rose was a member of the following committees: Claims, Coinage, Weights and Measures, Elections No. 1, and Roads.

Mr. Rose is survived by his widow, a daughter, Mary Ethel, '10, who is the wife of James Clark Ayres, and a grandson.

With the death of John Marshall Rose, the Alumni Association loses one of its most distinguished members, Johnstown and the state of Pennsylvania lose a citizen of whom they were justly proud.

1913—Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Hykes, (Alice Harris, '13) of Denver, Col., announce the birth of a daughter, Jane Ellen.

1915—The engagement of Sara Stutzman, '15, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Stutzman, of 153 Barron Avenue, Morrellville, and William E. Gillespie, of Second Avenue, Westmont, was recently announced. Miss Stutzman is a graduate of Indiana Normal and has been engaged in teaching in the local public schools. She is well known in musical circles, being soloist at the Calvary M. E. Church. Mr. Gillespie is a graduate of the Greensburg High School and an art school in New York City. He is display manager of John Thomas & Sons.

At a dinner given at the Fort Stanwix Hotel recently, the engagement of Sarah Elizabeth Werry to Glea Maxwell Craig, '15, was announced. The wedding will take place in the early summer at the Franklin Street Methodist Church.

1917—The engagement of Minnie Nichol and Charles Buchanan was recently announced. Both were members of the class of 1917.

1920—Mary Catharine Lape, '20, has been elected associate editor for the "Bucknelian," for the 1923-1924 season.

John Sheridan Grazier, '20, son of Mrs. H. F. Grazier of the Fort Stanwix Hotel, and Miss Lucy Sedlmeyer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Sedlmeyer of Southmont, were united in marriage May 4 at Our Mother of Sorrows Church, Westmont, the Rev. Father Stephen A. Ward officiating.

DIPLOMA
francis
Lohrman
'23

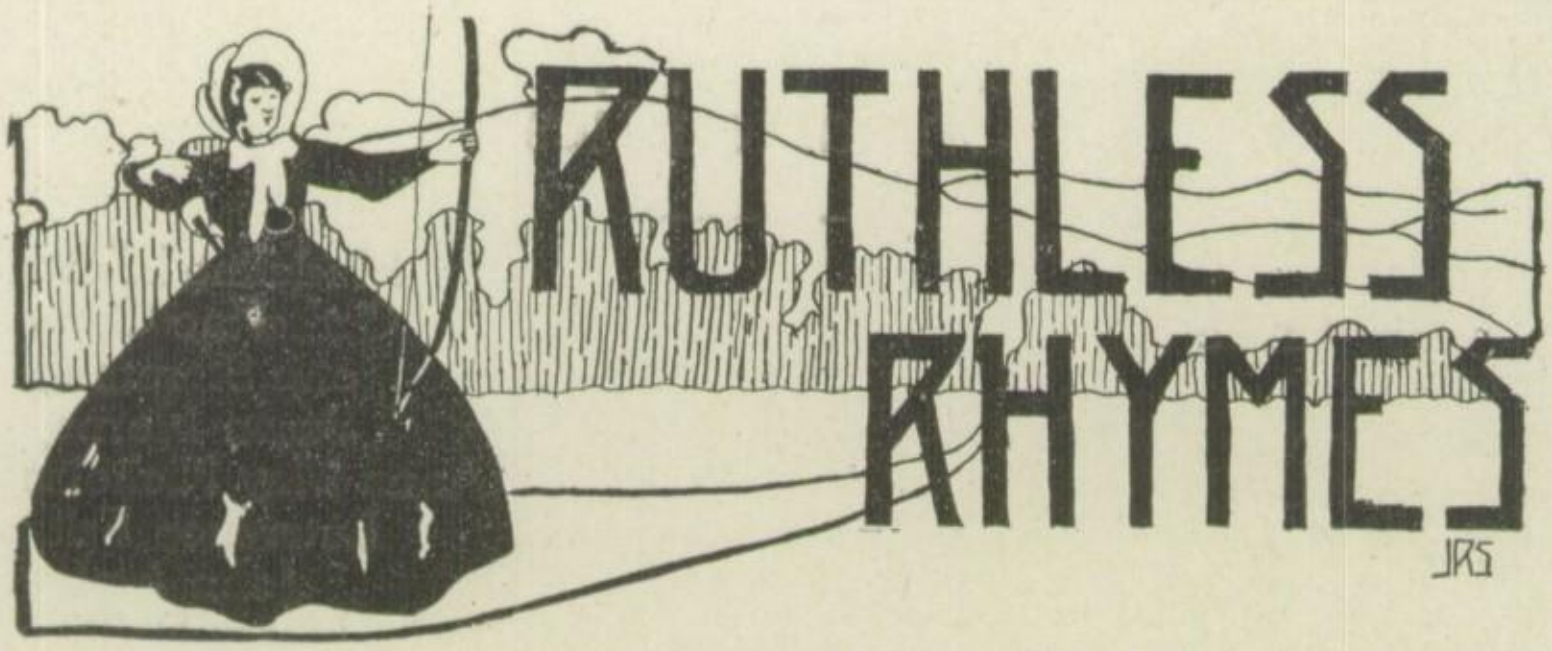
SENIOR PLANS

NAME	VOCATION	SCHOOL
Dwight Adams	Electrical Engineer	State College
Ludwina Akers	Teacher	Indiana
Geraldine Beas	Teacher	Lock Haven
Josephine Beaujon	Teacher	Indiana
Donald Bird	Civil Engineer	
Ralph Birk	Electrical Engineer	Carnegie Tech
Louis Block	Lawyer	Pitt
Frank Bloom	Draftsman	
Henry Bock	Mechanical Engineer	
Jay Bollinger	Business	
Grace Broderick	Musician	Carnegie Tech
Ada Burkhart	Teacher	Indiana
Alta Buterbaugh	Teacher	Indiana
Marie Coco	Stenographer	
Lynn Conrad	Artist	Chicago
Roland Conroy	Engineer	
Catherine Davis	Nurse	
Madge Davis	Teacher	Indiana
Rhoda Dorer	Stenographer	
Albert Doyle	Lawyer	
Eugene Driscoll	Electrical Engineer	
Dorthy Dunbar		State College
Anna Duncan	Teacher	Indiana
Margaret Eash	Teacher	Indiana
Mildred Edmonds	Stenographer	
Madeleine Elliott		Bucknell University
Louise Farrel	Teacher	Indiana
Lawrence Fink	Dentist	Pitt
Verda Fink	Stenographer	
Mary Fitzpatrick	Teacher	Indiana
Mary Flinn	Teacher	Indiana
Gertrude Flinn	Teacher	Indiana
Mary Foster	Teacher	Trinity College
Helen Gates	Stenographer	
Melda Geisel	Kindergarten	Miss Illman
Charles Getty		
Jerome Getty		
Mabel Gocher	Stenographer	
Harvey Good		
Mercedes Greenawalt	Nurse	
Nathaniel Griffiths		Ohio State
Anna Guzik	Stenographer	
Raymond Haddle	Agriculturist	
Harold Harenburg	Electrical Engineer	
Agnes Hartnett	Teacher	Indiana
Rebecca Heffley		Oberlin Conservatory
Kenneth Hill	Civil Engineer	
Helen Hinkle	Teacher	Indiana
Dorthy Hoffman	Teacher	Indiana
Emmalein Horner	Nurse	
Freda Horner	Teacher	Indiana
Mary Horner		Allbright College
Rachel Horner		Margaret Morrison
Susan Horney		
Alice Hughes		Drexal University of Domestic Science

NAME	VOCATION	SCHOOL
Cathryn John		
Robert Kahl		State School of Forestry
Walter Keene	Doctor	Philadelphia College of Pharmacy
Marjorie Kerr		Bucknell University
Mary Kuckuck	Stenographer	
Robert Kurtz	Electrical Expert	
Deane Lambing	Mining Engineer	Carnegie Tech
Louise Larkin	Stenographer	
George Lee	Lawyer	U. of Pennsylvania
Frances Lohman	Artist	
Robert Lohman	Lawyer	U. of Michigan
Dorthy Long	Stenographer	
Philip Lopresti	Lawyer	U. of Notre Dame
Rosemary Meyers	Nun	
Katherine Miller		Albright College
Hazel Morgan	Teacher	Indiana
Cora Motter	Stenographer	
Catharine Murdock	Kindergarten	Miss Illman
Mary McCartney	Stenographer	
Sylvia McCollam	Stenographer	
Jean McDougall		Bryn Mawr
Betty McMeans		U. of California
Eva Neafach		Columbia
Anna M. Nicholas	Private Secretary	
Harold Nickel		Pitt
Paul Olejar		Dickinson
Catharine Oppy	Stenographer	
Harry Oppy	Research Chemist	
Edith Otto	Teacher	Indiana
Florence Patch	Teacher	Indiana
Milton Pender	Mechanical Engineer	U. of Pennsylvania
Harry Phillips	Lawyer	Princeton
Vivian Raab	Dramatic Artist	U. of Wisconsin
Catharine Raush	Teacher	Indiana
Ida Reese	Private Secretary	
John Reese		
Nellie Robertson	Stenographer	
Spear Sheridan		Pittsburgh
Leona Smith	Stenographer	
Nellie Soule	Lawyer	N. Y. University
La Verne Stager	Stenographer	
Harold Swope	Doctor	
Rebecca Thompson	Stenographer	
Adele Thomson	Teacher	Bloomsburg Normal
Mary Tross	Stenographer	
Mary Viering	Physical Instructor	Indianapolis Academy
Emilie Wallace	Teacher	Indiana
Helen Will	Kindergarten	
Bertha Wilson	Nurse	

Characteristics

D ainty	Madeline Elliott
I mmaculate	Catherine Oppy
G allant	John Stammely
N aive	Susan Horney
I ngenious	Anna May Nicholas
F acetious	Lawrence Fritz
I ndefatigable	John Maley
E fficient	Harry Phillips
D ebonair	John Hornick
S apient	Paul Morrissey
E nravishing	Mildred Bigler
N atural	Catherine Murdock
I dealistic	Anna Silk
O ptimistic	Louise Larkin
R apturous	Nellie Robertson
S cholarly	Beatrice Thomas
O perative	Sara Silk
F elicitous	Robert Spangler
T alkative	Catharyn John
H appy	Rebecca Thompson
E xquisite	Jean McDougall
C hivalrous	Robert Lohman
L oquacious	Betty McMeans
A mbitious	Harold Nickel
S tudious	Verda Fink
S tunning	Vivian Raab
O ratorical	Henry Bock
F ervent	George Lee
T alented	Grace Broderick
W itty	Agnes Hartnett
E cstatic	Mary Blanche Foster
N autical	Elmer Tremellen
T actful	Francis Lohman
Y outhful	Eva Neafach
T rustworthy	Paul Olejar
H ilarious	Eugene Driscoll
R are	Louise Krebs
E arnest	Philip Curran
E fficacious	Nathaniel Griffiths



Ambition

I.

To sit beside some murmuring stream,
With a pole along to try some "fishin',"
Or do nothing all day long but dream and dream
Would be the height of my ambition.

II.

Or in the summer time, to go out with a tent,
And listen to the winds sighing thru the trees,
Forgetting for a time, home and the rent,
Just to be wafted to sleep by a cool evening breeze.

III.

But with the coming of the fall,
When one loses thoughts of going "fishin"
Just to try to play some football,
Would be the height of my ambition.

—E. K. K., '23½

Modern Poetry

The wind howls round the corner;
Night!
The man sits by the fire;
Alone!
The rains beats upon the window;
Splash!
A door slams;
Silence!!!

—With apologies to Amy Lowell.

Many men mine mud;
A saying old but true.
The cow still chews her cud,
What more can flappers do?

—One-Who-Knows

The 20th of April

On Friday the 20th it was so hot
That my overworked(?) brain wouldn't think a thought,
My assembly room teacher's, "Get out your books,"
Brought my mind back from trout fishin' and hooks.
And as I sit here in study hall,
My thoughts are as blank as the wall.
The minutes go by like hours it seems
And once or twice a "Get to work," breaks my dreams,
Not only do I think of spring frocks and hats,
But of swimmin', canoein' and base-ball bats.
I no longer comb my hair nor powder my nose,
But think only of spring and the garden.

"Splinters" Hoffman
to my friend,
"Rags" McCleary.

If, in the battle of life,
You want to win.
Hold up your head
And try to grin!
Never be a quitter,
Always say, "I can,"
Make the world believe,
You are every inch a man.
Life is what you make it,
Make yours worth while,
When sorrows assail you
Be a man, just smile.

—A. M. H.

In School

I sat in school the live long day,
And whiled the weary hours away.
I had to add, recite and read,
And give my opinion of some great deed;
But my thoughts were far from school,

Out on a clear inviting pool
Whose mystic waters beckon and call,
As over protruding rocks they fall.
But suddenly I was brought back to life,
When I was asked, "Had Caesar a wife?"
I shook my head and managed to say,
"I'm sorry, I didn't live in Caesar's day."

Only Rime

The red, red rose doth bloom in Spring,
Now isn't that a funny thing?
O yes! but 'tis stranger yet,
How pupils always will forget.
Now please excuse this little rhyme,
It certainly was a waste of time.

—A. M. H.

Don't Long to Die!

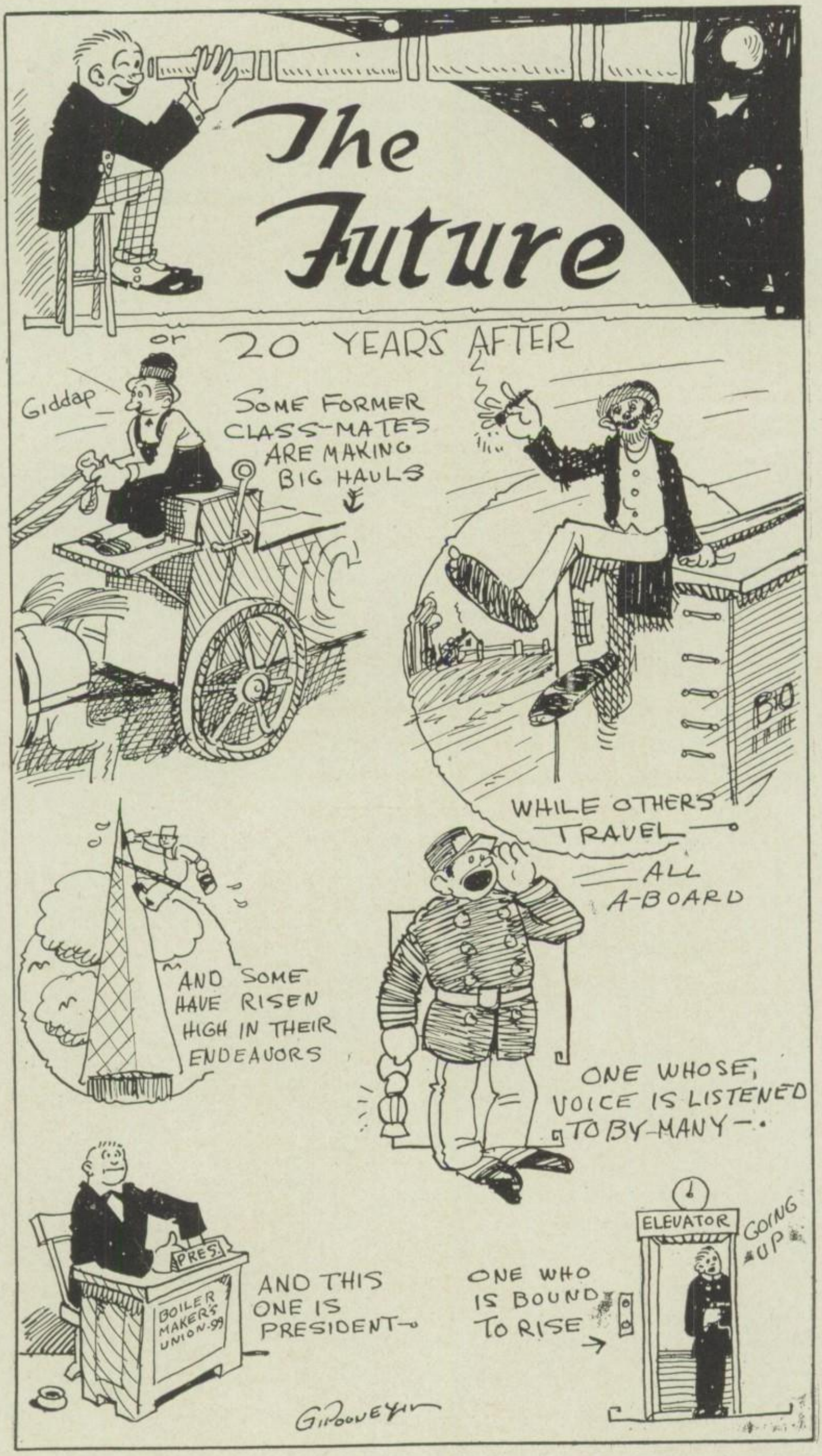
Though the world seems wrong and bad,
And from your very soul you cry,
Though your heart is tried and sad
Be a man, don't long to die!

If you are sick and tired of living,
And you cry out, "O why?"
Remember pleasure comes from pleasure giving,
Be a man, don't long to die!

When you are worn by grief and troubles,
And you heave a heartsick sigh,
With a smile, start blowing bubbles,
Be a man, don't long to die!

If in the battle of life, you've failed to win,
And success has passed you by,
Rember you get from life, just what you put in,
Be a man, don't long to die!

—Agnes Hartnett, '23.


The Future
or 20 YEARS AFTER
Giddap
SOME FORMER CLASS-MATES ARE MAKING BIG HAULS
WHILE OTHERS TRAVEL
ALL A-BOARD
AND SOME HAVE RISEN HIGH IN THEIR ENDEAVORS
ONE WHOSE VOICE IS LISTENED TO BY MANY—
PRES.
BOILER MAKER'S UNION-99
AND THIS ONE IS PRESIDENT→
ONE WHO IS BOUND TO RISE →
ELEVATOR
GOING UP
GIBBONEY

Mechanical Research

"Where is the universal joint?" asked Henrietta.

"In the bootleg," replied Henry, stepping on the accelerator.

Slightly Mixed

Office Boy (nervously)—"P-please sir, can I have to-morrow off-to-go-to-m-my-grandmothe's-f-football game?"

—Swiped.

First Freshie—I'm going to skip next period.
Second Ditto—"Better not; you might get caught."
First F.—"What would happen then?"
Second Freshman—"You might skip out the door."

Father—"When Lincoln was your age, son, he worked for his education."

Son—"Yea, but when he was your age he was president of the United States."

Jailed Too Sweet

"What's the charge, officer?"
"Vagrancy, your honor. He's been drinkin' perfume."

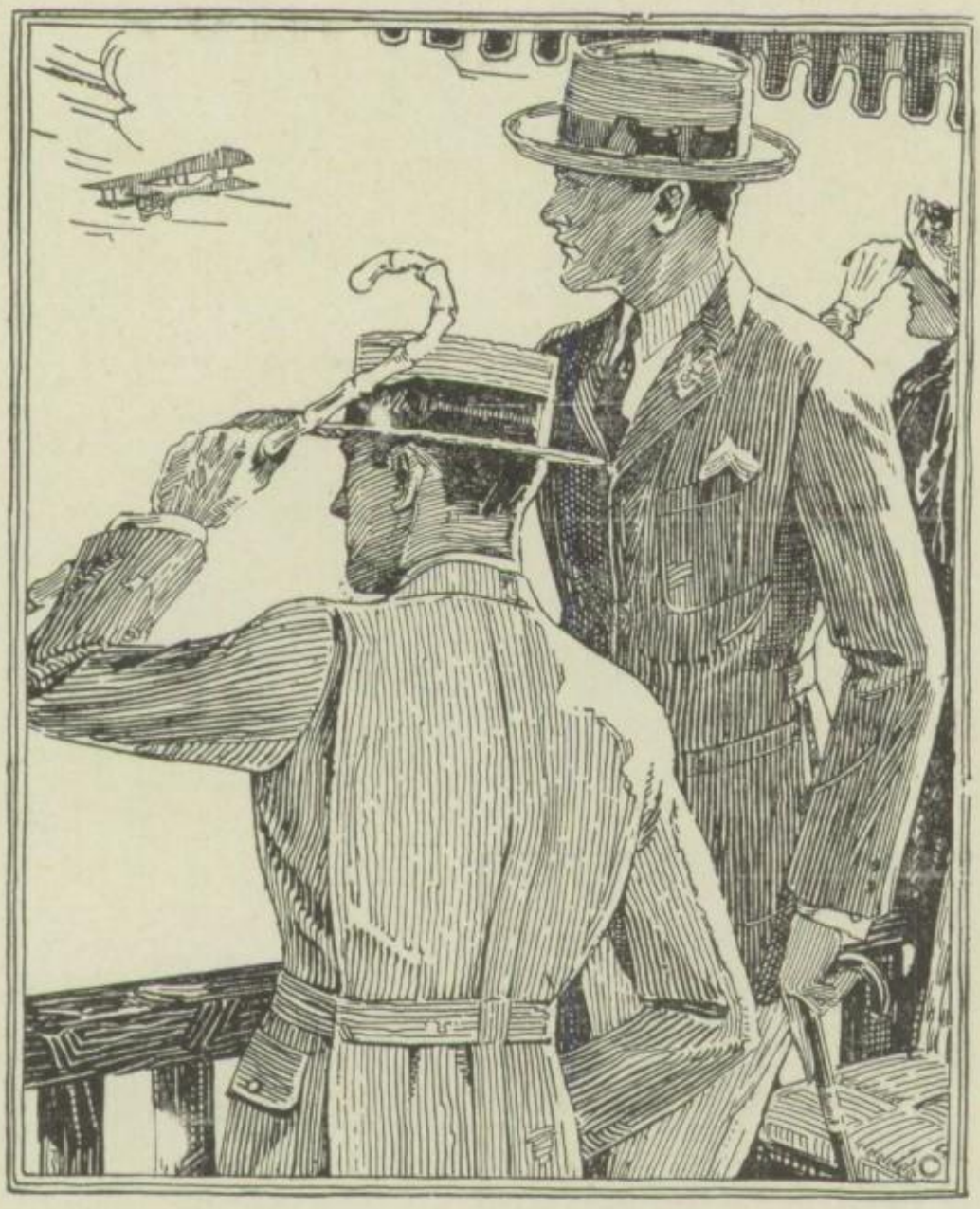
—Pelican.

He—"I sleep in a stable."
She—"What?"
He—"It's just a stall."

The Features

"What were the chief features of the meeting?"
"I imagine they were the ayes and noes."

—Hooked.



Styles of Today !

LOOK to this bigger and better men's store for Clothing of character and distinction. We feature Young Men's Styles in a specialized department, supplying garments that give true expression to action-loving Youthful America. Our great-volume business makes our values outstanding—unmatchable.

Woolf & Reynolds, Inc.

"CLOTHES THAT SATISFY"

How Do You Buy?

Is your order influenced by lavish decorations surrounding the goods for sale?

Do the Literary Gems of Advertising persuade you to sign your name on the dotted line?

Does the shell and substance of reality cause you to believe that worth and durability are behind these?

Open your eyes when you buy Soda Fountains. A pretty picture counts for naught, nor are verbal promises incorporated in the written contract.

Twenty years of successful manufacturing experience is back of the

WALRUS
WHITE-ICELESS
SODA FOUNTAIN

The significance of this cumulative skill and steadily maintained standard of excellence is shown in the high regard of thousands of users.

We invite the most rigid inspection of our product.

If possible, visit our spacious show rooms, where you will find at all times the most comprehensive display of Soda Fountains in America.

Lee-Strauss Co.

DISTRIBUTORS

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Personal Supervision Counts

The heads of this business interest themselves in the buyer of every Soda Fountain that leaves their establishment.

This interest is not remote or theoretical, but immediate, active and actual.

Responsible mechanics safeguard and scrutinize every essential step in the process of installation.

The WALRUS is not an ordinary fountain, but a special built Soda Fountain. Let our salesman show you how it excels.

Lee-Strauss Co.

Soda Fountains and Store Fixtures

232 Levergood St., Johnstown, Pa.

ONE GRADE—ONE PRICE—ONE SERVICE—EASY TERMS—DEFINITE DELIVERY

Going Away To School?

EVERY college man in this country will tell you the importance of first appearances as a Freshman. The quickest way to meet "the right men," the fraternity men who "run things," and get a chance to prove your good qualities, is to make a good appearance. You know that good, clean cut clothes are a visible asset.

TROSS Clothes are good clothes. They are an accomplishment. Their hidden value, their workmanship, their fabrics which make them shapely to the last are the result of art and science. Yet they cost no more than ordinary clothes. They stand for what we stand for—

QUALITY WITHOUT EXTRAVAGANCE

GEO. H. TROSS & CO.

502 Main St. GOOD CLOTHES 502 Main St.

"Say, talk about luck, I lost a good chance to kiss Jean, last Tuesday night."

"Don't worry, Fritz. I found it later."

Flecky—"Do you have any mail for me?"

Postman—"What's your name?"

Flecky—"Look awhile and you'll find it on the envelope?"

"Have you got the 'Golden Fleece'?"

"No. do they bite?" —Thistle.

STUTZ—4 and 6
CHANDLER—6
CLEVELAND—6
MASTER TRUCKS

CASSLER-WILSON AUTO CO.,
406 Franklin St. City Phone 6415 Johnstown, Pa.

Compliments of

CHARLES YOUNG

PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST

Oldest Established Druggist in the City

No. 531 Main St. Phone 809 Opposite Johnstown Trust Co.

Dumb—"J. H. S. surely turns out some fine men."
Bell—"That's right. When did you graduate?"
Dumb—"Oh, they turned me out."

Coca—"I call my girl Niagara."
Cola—"How come?"
Coca—"She falls for everybody."

—Thistle.

Teacher to English Literature Class—"Tomorrow we shall take the life of Shakespeare. Come prepared."

BUILD A HOME

USE

Brick

and save

PAINTING REPAIRS
DEPRECIATION FUEL

Johnstown Brick & Tile Company

Display Room

210-11 Johnstown Trust Bldg.

W. E. Johnson & Co.

Wholesale Distributors

SPARROW'S CHOCOLATES

572 Vine Street

Kahl—"What did your father say when you told him that my love was like a broad and gushing river?"

Mary B—"He said, 'Dam it'."

"Let me introduce myself. My name is Sol."

"Any relation to Lsol?"

"No, Ingeroll. Watch me." —Found.

Mr. Schall—"What was the German Diet?" (Law making body).

Some girl—"Beer and sauerkraut."

Bicycle Days Are Here---

We feature the Ranger and Princeton Bicycles

Get out in open—enjoy the crisp and invigorating air—the sunshine and wonderful scenery. A good "bike" will get you there easily and quickly. See the Ranger Model, choice of the Boy Scouts.

SWANK'S

Main and Bedford Streets

Be Sure and Order Your

Ferndale

Raisin Cookies Early in the Morning

There is such a demand for Ferndale Raisin Cookies that some grocers' supplies are exhausted about noon. We bake them good—use the best materials—and the filling is made from seedless raisins thoroughly cleaned and "syruped" to taste. Say Ferndale to your grocer.

Note **Include Ferndale Bread, those deliciously Iced Ferndale Cinnamon Rolls and Sun-Maid Raisin Bread in your order.**

Hammer & Waring

539 Ferndale Ave. **Phone 31-53**

The Daylight Shop

When a woman
chooses attire
for sports wear
it must be correct
in style
and becoming in appearance
as well as adapted
for the occasion.
Nowhere
will she find Sport Apparel
which more rigidly adhere
to these qualifications
than at

R. J. FLOYD

Next Door to Post Office

A shot rings out upon the air,
A woman staggers down the stair.
My Gosh! Her eyes are open wider—
The cork's blown out of the family cider.

—Triangle.

Bughouse Fables

Don Smith—"Mr. Hedge, I skipped school this afternoon so I could see the show."

Mr. Hedge—"Oh that's all right, Don, I hope you enjoyed it."

Kern's Beauty Shop

120 MARKET ST.
Phone 5490

MAY-TIME

in nature is like May-time in life.

Youth is glorious, vibrant, sparkling—the future is apt to be unconsidered.

So our officers urge the young folks to work and save in the brightness of the present so as to carry that b r i g h t n e s s through life.

Pennsylvania Trust Co.

Wm. B. Waters & Bro.
217 FRANKLIN ST.
Books, Stationery, Picture and Office Supplies
Fine selection of Dennison Crepe Paper always in stock

Defined

"Wot's this 'ere 'ome rule for Ireland, Garge?"

"Well, it's like this 'ere; if my missus wants a new 'at, an' I tell 'er the old 'at looks fine an' she slings the kettle at me an' I buys 'er a new 'at—well, that's wot 'ome rule is!"

—The Passing Show.

Sen—"Have you any prominent men in your family?"

Alumni—"Yes, one of my ancestors was an admiral, leading the world's combined fleet."

Sen—"How wonderful. What was his name?"

Alumni—"Noah."

Good Idea

First Farmer—"I'm not going to plant potatoes this season; it's too dry."

Second Ditto—"I can overcome that."

First Farmer—"How?"

Second—"Plant onions near them to make their eyes water."

For Quality---
Try Standard Bottling Co.
SOFT DRINKS
Wm. Krieger, Prop.
City Phone 2659-L

MILLER
CLOTHES

For Style - For Value

Wonderful

Salesman—"I'm selling quite a lot of these ties this year, sir."

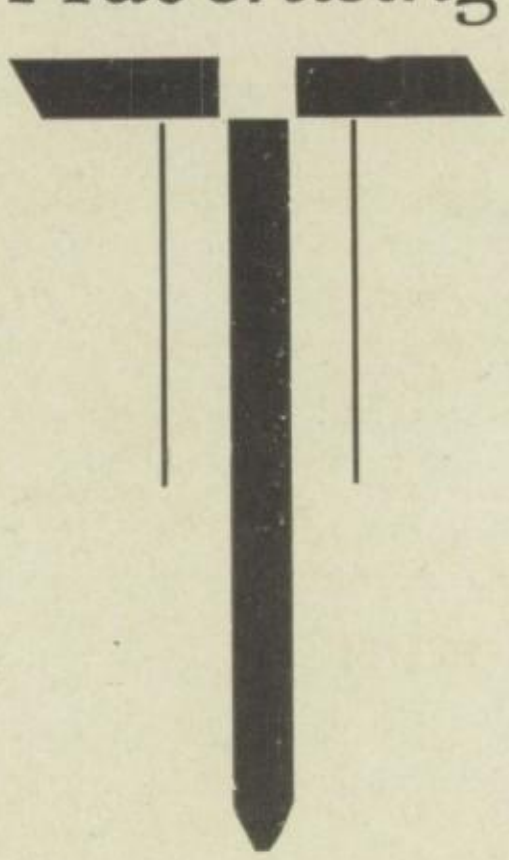
Brummel—"Really! Dashed clever of you, I'm sure!"

Ada Burkhart—"Clair, do you like bob hair?"
Clair Younkin—"I don't know, I never met him."

Lawrence Fritz—Give me a pair of red socks."
Clerk—"How long?"
Fritz—"I don't want to rent them, I want to buy them."

H. R. Heffley

Advertising



ANYTHING IN SIGNS

500 Horner St.,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Phone 6278-B

Viering's
Prescription
Pharmacy
Corner Horner and Poplar Sts.
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

"Minnie, why don't you play quietly like Tommy? See, he is not making a sound."

"Oh, Mamma," said Minnie, that is the game. "He is Papa coming home late and I am you."

Too Bad About the Plate

"Gimme some liniment and some cement," gasped the boy, rushing into a drugstore.

"What's the trouble," asked the clerk.

"Mom hit Pop in the face with a plate," said the boy.

Philadelphia
Restaurant

Open
All the
Time

That Wonderful Feeling

Is there any feeling quite so good as to realize that you have money ahead? And money of your own, money that you have saved yourself, money that you can do with as you please? Start a savings account with us and get that wonderful feeling.

JOHNSTOWN SAVINGS BANK

Simple

"How can I keep my toes from going to sleep?"
"Don't let them turn in."

—Purple Cow.

Identified

He—"Who's that fellow with the long hair?"
She—"He's a fellow from Yale."
He—"Oh, I've often heard of those Yale locks."

—C. of P. W.

City Phone 702

Footer's Dye Works

"Always Safest and Best"

AMERICA'S GREATEST CLEANERS AND DYERS

413 Franklin St. **Johnstown, Pa.**

RIDE the Cars, as only by your patronage can we render the Service you expect in all kinds of weather

Johnstown Traction Co.

Come Here--

for the best
Sodas and Sundaes
in town---

Robt. R. Moses

DRUGGIST

Franklin and Vine Sts. **'Phone 63-35**

Much to Learn

"Does your fiancee know much about automobiles?"
"Heavens, no; she asked me if I cooled my car by stripping the gears." —Harvard Lampoon.

A Slight Accident

A Chink by the name Ching Ling,
Fell off a street-car, bing-bing.
The conductor turned his head, to the passengers said:
"The car's lost a washer, ding ding."

Compliments of the

SOMERSET DAIRY COOPERATION

228 Locust St.

"Every Patron a Partner."

Headquarters for
PARKER "DUFOLDS"

Johnstown News Co.

115 Market St.

Undoubtedly a Fact

Mr. Shall—"Who was the greatest inventor?"
Carmen P.—"An Irishman named Pat. Pending."

The Bugamist

A June bug married an angleworm;
An accident cut her in two.
They charged the bug with bigamy;
Now what could the poor thing do?

—Punch Bowl.

In Danger

"Bennie Beanbaugh says he's nobody's fool."
"I know, but sone one will get him yet."

—The O-So-Funny.

The Real Question

Fisherman—"Don't you want to buy some crabs, sir? Look—they're all alive."
Summer Boarder—"Yes, but are they fresh?"

Office Phones 1293 Bell Phone Planing Mill Phone 1295

W. J. Rose & Sons, Ltd.

LUMBER—MILLWORK—BUILDERS' SUPPLIES

Upson Board—Best for Walls and Ceilings

328 Lincoln Street Johnstown, Pa.

Right?

Professor—"So, sir, you said that I was a learned jackass, did you?"

Freshie—"No, sir, I merely remarked that you were a burro of information."

Sensitive

"This morning I found a purse!"

"Did you take it back?"

"No. They offered a reward, and it hurt my pride to do that."

The Best Pianos Now Within Your Reach.

Baldwin and Cunningham Pianos have been proven by music lovers the world over, in homes, conservatories of music and grand opera, to be the best. Call for prices and demonstration.

M. A. Smith Music Store

Cor. Walnut and Conemaugh St.

Hoover Sweepers

It Beats as it Sweeps as it Cleans

"There is None Just as Good"

Citizens Electric & Gas Appliance Co.

117-119 Market St.

Just Missed Perfection

First Cocky (on horseback)—"That cove ye've had wurkin' for yer asked fur a job this mornin.' Was he a steady chap, Ryan?"

Second Cocky—"He was. If he'd ha' bin inny stiddier he'd a been motionless. —The Bulletin.

Left at the Post

"I hear you and your wife had some words last night."
"We did, but I never got around to using mine."
—Hooked.

'Tis False!

Biggs—"Her teeth are like the stars."
Jiggs—"Why?"
Biggs—"They come out every night."

The Problem

"Pork" L.—"I've nothing to do to-day."
Herb J.—"How will you know when you're through."

Pennsylvania's leading College and School Photographer

TURGEON

The Mark of Distinctive Photography

"A Good Picture Is Worth A Million Words" - *Brisbane*

THIS applies most directly to illustrations used in connection with advertising. If you want pictures that faithfully illustrate the product you are marketing — that's our business.

Valley Engraving Co.

Woolf Block **Franklin and Lincoln Streets**

This Looks Serious

Judge—"What's this man charged with?"

Cop—"Careless walkin', your honor. He bumped into a truck and bent both fenders and the radiator."

—Stolen.

"Slow party, isn't it?"

"Yes, very!"

"Let's go home."

"I can't. I'm the host."

—Fifth Avenue High.

L. L. LAMBERT

306 Swank Building

REAL ESTATE

and

FIRE INSURANCE

City Phone 285 **Bell Phone 285**

You'll Be

Satisfied with

Nuff Stuff

OVERALLS and SHIRTS

Manufactured by

HARTMANN-SCHNEIDER CO.

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

She Knew

"Why is your wife so jealous of your typist?"

"Well, you see, my wife used to be my typist!"

Teacher of Biology—"Now as I hold this fish before you, what do you think of immediately?"

Class (in unison)—"Friday."

—The Spy.

"There's an opening in the world for somebody," said the cynic, as he gazed at a newly-made grave.

Kolb's

MOTHER'S BREAD

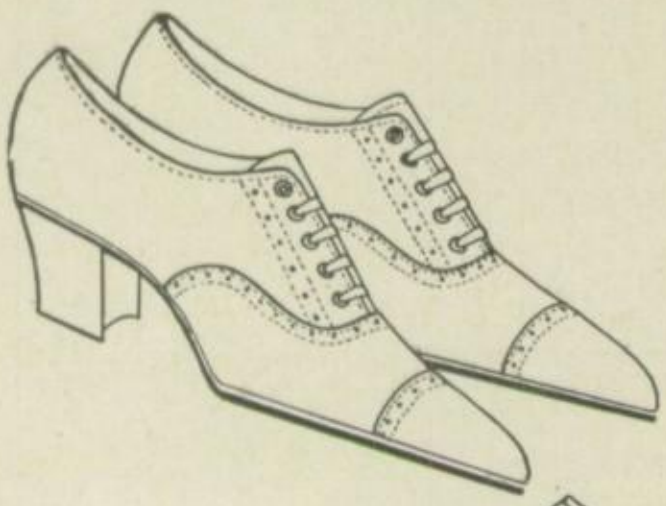
AS PURE
AS MOTHER MADE IT

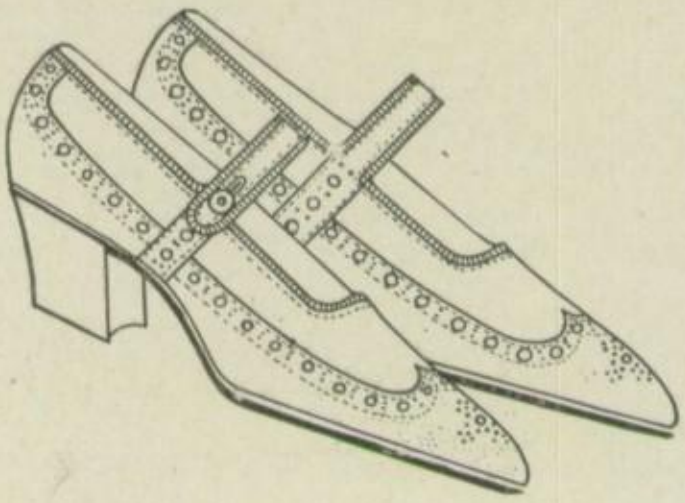
At All Reliable Grocers

SAMPLE SHOE SHOP

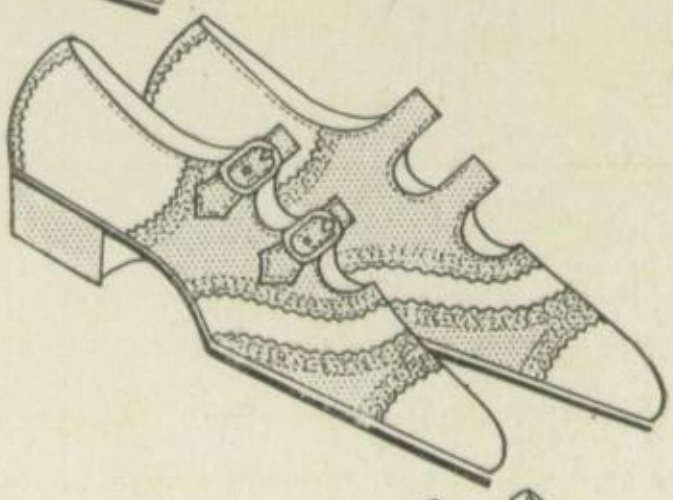
Shoes for the Entire Family

134 Market Street

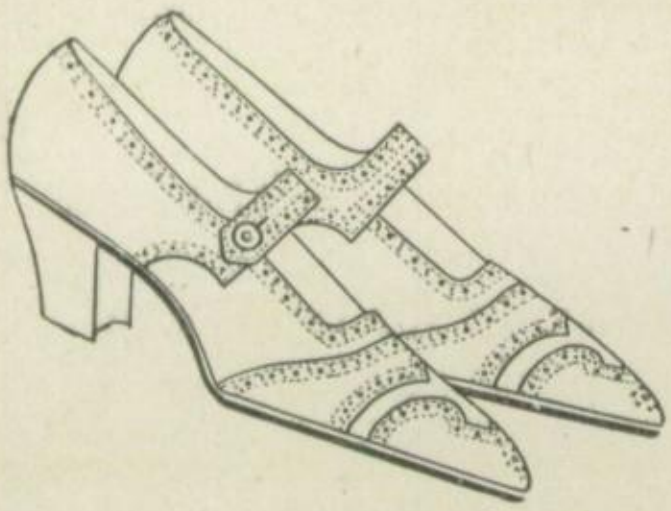


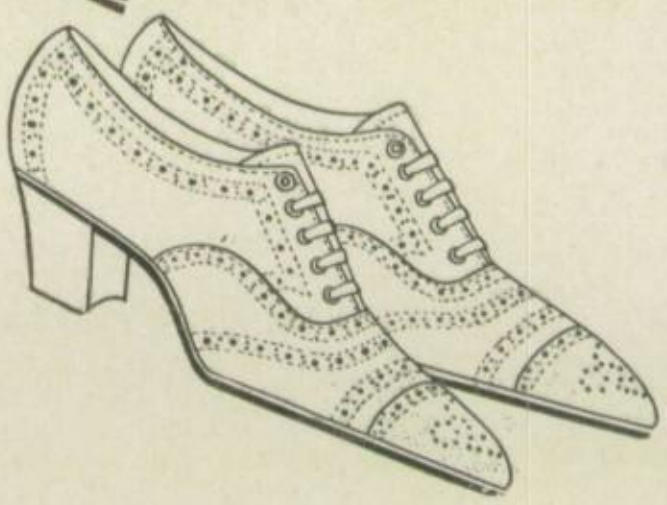


Black Satin Pumps and Oxfords



Tut Sandals and Sport Oxfords





At Prices You Want to Pay

$2.95 to $6.95

Sample Shoe Shop

Majestic Theatre

Presenting Keith Vaudeville of the First Rank

OPEN THE YEAR ROUND

Performances Three Times Daily—2-6:30-9

Popular Prices

Maxi—"Say, Mum, as I was going down the street the other day, I heard a tree bark."

Mum—"Pshaw! That's nothing, I saw the same tree leave."

Maxi—"Did he take his trunk with him?"

Mum—"No, he left that for board."

—Hooked.

Teacher—"What was Cleveland's political record previous to his nomination for President?"

Pupil—"He was a Senator in the House of Representatives."

—The Spy.

"Oh curse these organ recitals!" said the Freshie as the Biology teacher reached for another frog.

—Borrowed.

"I thought you had broken your engagement with Charlie."

"I did, but you see his father sent him $5000 and—"

"I see."

—Hooked.

STATLER COMPANY

226 Franklin St. **Phone 1027**

Let us do your SPRING CLEANING early. Do not let the warmer weather find your wardrobe unprepared. To avoid the rush of the heavy Spring trade give us your Spring cleaning now.

A TELEPHONE CALL WILL BRING OUR SERVICE TO YOUR DOOR. Work left with us will receive prompt and careful attention. Our care and interest in your requirements are your guarantee of satisfaction.

Better Brighter Homes--

with Cozy Geis Furniture

The GEIS *Store*

It was very uncharitably said by a young man in the Junior Class that it took two things to win a lady—one was money and so was the other.

We would like to know who the Junior boy was that had to miss school to tend the baby. Wouldn't you?

Waiter—"Isn't your egg cooked long enough, sir?"
Jay Maley—"Yes, but not soon enough."

Compliments of

LUTTRINGER
CLOTHING
STORE

WHITE HOUSE *Coffee*

The Man Who Knows

THE discriminating use of *White House Coffee* has made the erstwhile hasty breakfast—of thousands of busy business men—a function to linger over—that its invigorating deliciousness may be enjoyed to the fullest.

"None Better at Any Price"

1, 3 and 5 lb. Packages—It is Never Sold in Bulk

DWINELL-WRIGHT CO. BOSTON · CHICAGO

The Ryan-Correll Co.

Wholesale Distributors

Steele & Harris, Inc.

233 Franklin St. Johnstown, Pa.

Steinway Pianos Edison Phonographs

Everything in Musical Merchandise

"CASH OR PAYMENTS"

"I give great pains to my operations," said the doctor, as he gave the appendix another jab. —The Spy.

"Oh, yes," said the pilot on the river steamboat, "I have been on this river so long I know where every stump is."

Just then, with a jar the boat struck a stump. "There; that's one of them now," he continued.

—The M-Unite.

Wifey—"You never take anybody's advice."

Hubby—"If I had you would have been an old maid."

—M-Unite.

If a college is cultured, why is a high school course?

—Mountain Echo.

Eugene Driscoll's brother wants to know how we grow without roots. Answer him somebody!

Kenneth Hill (to artist)—"What would you take to paint my picture?"

Turgeon—"A bucket of mud and a broom."

When in Morrellville stop at

Brown & Morrows Drug Store

We Serve Only the Best at Our Fountain.

The Coolest Place in Town

Corner Fairfield Ave. and F St.

Sheesley Supply Co.

BUILDERS'
SUPPLIES

City Phone 2094 Bell Phone 1079-J

Park Building, Johnstown, Pa.

Famous Sayings

"Oh, tell me what he said?"

—Mountain Echo.

B. C.—"My face is my fortune, John."
J. M.—"You needn't worry, it's no disgrace to be poor."

English Teacher—"What are the cases in grammar?"
Soph—"Active, Passive, Object."

—The Oriole.

In fire drill Bull Montana Hershberger asked, "Mr. Snyder, may I go out?"

Down in the Lab the other day Don Bird was heating something in an evaporating dish. The room was full of smoke.

Mr. Schall—"Put out that fire and put the smoke under the hood."

Compliments of

HARRY T. CORRELL

"For That Party"

Individual Molds

OF

Galliker's

Quality

Ice Cream

CALL 350

EARL V. KIDD

CANDY AND CONFECTIONS LUNCHES

OPPOSITE HIGH SCHOOL

Phone No. 783-L

"George, does your engine always make that funny noise?"

"No, cuckoo, only when it's running."

—War Cry.

"Johnny, I am afraid that I will not see you in Heaven," said the father to his errant son.

"Why, what have you been doing now, Pop?"

"If Missippi wore Missouri's New Jersey what would Delaware?"

"Alaska." —Mountain Echo.

Minister—"My boy, where did you learn to swear like that?"

Boy—"You can't learn it, it's a gift." —Reed.

Lieut. Gale—"They say Captain Jinks was very calm and collected after his accident this morning."

Col. Spin—"Yes, yes, very calm—he's still being collected, however." —Thistle.

GAS AND ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES AND FIXTURES

We always carry a complete line of the very newest Fixtures and appliances. In labor saving devices we handle the most satisfactory—The THOR Washer, The Premier Cleaner, The THOR Ironer—All sold on EASY TERMS.

CONTRACT WORK

Let us figure on your work. You will save money and get real service.

TOWZEY, PHILLIPS & COMPANY

EVERYTHING GAS AND ELECTRICAL

Main and Walnut Streets Phone 9-80

John Thomas
& Son

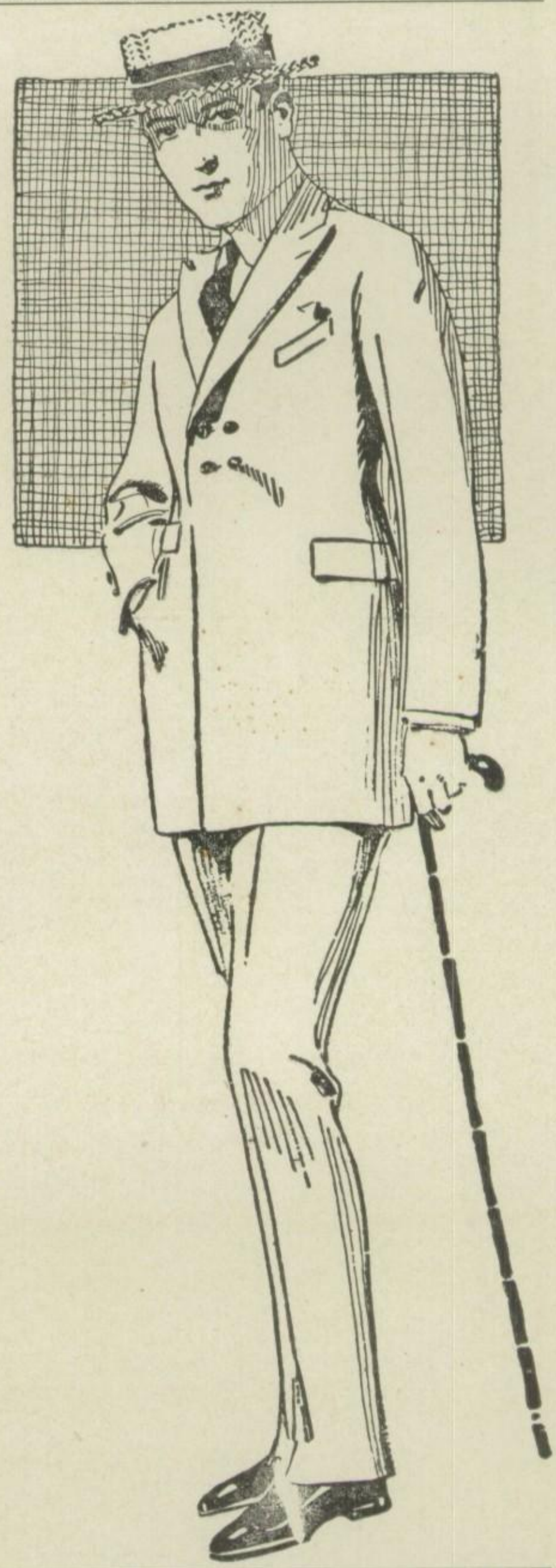
Look Your Best *On Graduation Night*

There's only one thing that counts in the minds of men—and that thing is Quality—

Men judge men by their qualities — the value of their judgments, the strength of their character, the quality of their fellowship, so it goes, right through the realm of men, investment, business, golf balls, Summer hotels, and most of all

The Clothing a Man Wears will stand or fall on the basis of real worth. Quality is the reason the men who know come to **Thomas's** to be dressed up to their positions. Get your Graduation Outfit at Thomas's. Priced from

$25 to $38



John Thomas
& Son

JOHNSTOWN PAINT AND GLASS COMPANY

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Paints, Brushes, Oil, Varnishes, Stains, Glass, Painters' and Paper Hangers' Supplies

227 Franklin Street

Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Laugh and you laugh alone.
The first was a joke by the teacher,
The last was one of your own. —Ex.

Strategy

"Boy, take these flowers up to Miss Dolly Footlites, Room 12."

"Gee! You're the fourth guy wot's sent her flowers today."

"Eh! What's that? Who sent the others?"

"Oh, they didn't send up any names; they just said: 'She'll know who they come from'."

"Well, here, take my card and tell her these are from the same one that sent her the other three boxes.

—Stolen.

"Say, I'd like to try that suit on in the window."

"Sorry, but you will have to use the dressing room."

—Jack O'

All Kinds of Dental Work at Prices You Can Afford to Pay

Johnstown Dental Parlors

The Old Reliable Dental Office

Phone 1660 540 Main Street

Get in the "Swim" This Summer

Keep Cool

EAT
SANITARY
ICE CREAM
Every Day

FOR SALE BY DEALERS EVERYWHERE

Within a radius of twenty miles of Johnstown

Manufactured by

Johnstown Sanitary Dairy Co.

Bell Phone 291J City Phone 1880

1872 1923

Fifty years ago three young men established what was then a new method of merchandising. Their combined capital was small, but they made up, in courage and aggressiveness, backed by a reputation for honesty, what they lacked in money. With no funds to purchase a delivery outfit, they went from house to house on foot carrying their wares in a large basket.

Today from this humble beginning has developed the greatest commercial enterprise in the world. Buildings that cover an entire block in the heart of Brooklyn, N. Y., huge warehouses and plants in Chicago and Seattle, Washington employs over 5,000 salesmen; has over 200 stores.

GRAND UNION TEA COMPANY

30 YEARS IN JOHNSTOWN
438 MAIN STREET
C. E. SHOMO, Mgr.

When ice cream grows on macaroni trees,
When Sahara's sands are muddy;
When cats and dogs wear B. V. D.'s,
That's the time I like to study.

—Ghost.

She—"The next time you come out I want you to see my diploma."
He—"When did you graduate?"
She—"In about a year and a half." —Swiped.

Compliments of

SMITH'S FIREPROOF GARAGE

Reese & Bernard
Electric Company

140 Market St. Opp. Post Office

EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL

RADIO SUPPLIES

Motors-Lamps

Viv.—"Grace, if I gave you this dime, what would you do?"

Grace—"Why, I'd drop dead."

Viv—"Well, I've saved your life." —Thistle.

He—What's your name?"

She—"Helen Winter."

He—"What is it in summer then?"

—Purple Cow.

Wrong Wire

Wrecked Motorist ('phoning)—"Send assistance at once. I have turned turtle."

Voice (from the other end)—"My dear sir, this is a garage. What you want is an aquarium." —Burd.

"Want a seat, miss?" asked an Irish usher.

"Yes, a seat, please."

"Indade, miss," was the reply, "I should be glad to give you a sate, but the empty ones are all full."

IDEAL

!

BIRDS ARE ALL A-HUMMING,

SWIMMING DAYS ARE COMING—

to IDEAL PARK

PICNIC-LUNCHING, DANCING,

EVERYTHING ENTRANCING—

at IDEAL PARK

W. B. SEIBERT

STOCKS AND BONDS

403-404-405 Johnstown Trust Building

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Direct Private Wire to

LAWRENCE J. DIETZ & CO.

Members

CONSOLIDATED STOCK EXCHANGE

of New York

"They say people can be killed by kindness."

"Oh, how I love my mother-in-law." —Exchange.

"Can you give me a job as floor-walker?" said the tired looking man.

"What experience have you had?"

"Three sets of twins."

—Exchange.

"Hey, Rastus, was you raised in de south?"

"Yes, once, but de rope broke."

"Surveying a little?"

"No, surveying a lot." —Ex.

COMPLIMENTS

of

JOHNSTOWN DRY GOODS COMPANY

VELVET GREEN **LAWN SEED** Sold only by

SNOOK'S HARDWARE

219 Franklin Street Phone 494

A peanut sat on a railroad track,
Its heart was all a flutter;
The N. O. T. came steaming in,
"Toot, Toot!!" Peanut butter.
—McKinley Hi Monthly.

John—"Dick was almost drowned last night."
Mary—"Really, how."
John: "The pillow slipped, the bed spread, and he fell through the mattress into the spring."
—The Acorn.

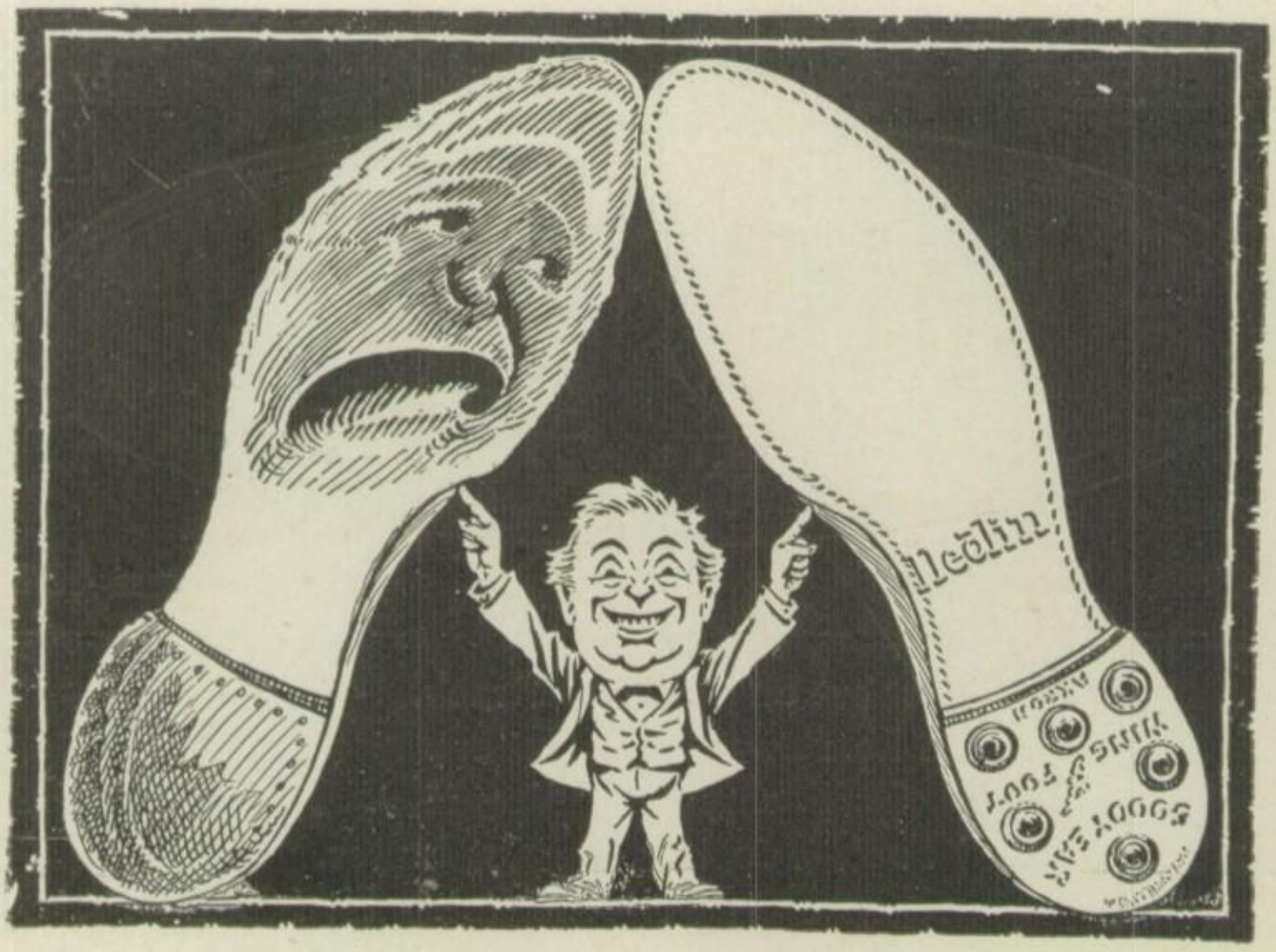
Teacher explaining foreign problems—"The trouble between England and France was merely a home brew."
—McKinley Hi Monthly.

"What is a Latin race?"
"It is a race between a Latin pony and a teacher's goat."
—Widow.

Dorothy's Room

or one of the daughter's or son's room would be very attractive and good looking if you select your wall paper here.

L. F. BARKER, 411 Franklin St.



Best Shoe Shining and Repairing in City

W. E. JAMES **American Shoe Repair**

Ode to Caesar

To happy realms afar;
Caesar, brave man, has gone,
But he left behind a little book,
So, in misery now I are. —Ex.

Bovinely Speaking

Hotel Guest—"Has Mike Howe registered here?"

Clerk—"What do you think this is, a stable?"

—Hooked.

The Hat You've Longed For

Can be easily selected at

Neal's

Johnstown's
Largest
Millinery
Shop

Hiram Swank's Sons

INCORPORATED

JOHNSTOWN, PENNA.

REFRACTORIES

Since 1856

Works: Johnstown, Penna.

Clymer, Penna.

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Ferguson's

O-SO-GOOD PRODUCTS

are the best

FERGUSON PACKING CO.

JOHNSTOWN PENNSYLVANIA

Teacher—"How was Caesar killed?"
Stude—"He was stabbed in the Senate."

—Ex.

She (talking to her Ben Turpin sheik)—"Do you like to dance in the dark?"

He—"Oh yes."

She—"Close your eyes, then."

—Borrowed.

EXCLUSIVE SPORTING GOODS

Let us restring your Tennis Racket. We give 24-hour service

Schade & Nelson

Opposite Post Office 132 Market St.

Lincoln's Lamp Was the Firelight

—a flickering, uncertain illumination. In order to see at all, he had to remain uncomfortably near the flames, and keep the fire roaring hot all the while!

Even under these conditions, Lincoln became a scholar. What opportunities are placed before our children now! Help make their hours of study easy and enjoyable by providing steady, eye-resting illumination.

EXAMINE ALL FIXTURES

and replace burned out lights at once. Also consult us about the right lamp for each socket. We want to help you get full value from the current you consume and pay for.

Penn Public Service Corporation

Style Footwear
for
YOUNG WOMEN AND YOUNG MEN
COCHRAN'S
At Franklin St. Bridge

"Do you ever old man, I don't?"
"I do. How do you work it?"
"In the day time I'm too busy and at night I'm too sleepy."

Betty—"Oh, Agnes, wouldn't you like to have been made love to by an old-time knight?"

Agnes—"Nix on that kiddo, sitting on an iron knee never appealed to me."

—The Nor-Win.

Graduates--
NEW SHOES FOR COMMENCEMENT ARE ESSENTIAL. SEE ALL THE LATEST STYLES AT
ZANG'S
.... "THE HOME OF GOOD SHOES" ....
Main Street

GOALS

MANY PEOPLE have found that they can work to better advantage if they have well-defined goals in their vision.

It is highly desirable to set for one's self a savings goal each year.

The man who determines he will increase his account $300 in a year, knows that he must average $35 each month in deposits. If he falls short one month, he will endeavor to make up the difference during the next month. Such a man is sure to reach his goal.

Try a savings account here
with a definite goal in mind

The National Bank of Johnstown
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Capital, Surplus and Profits -	**$ 400,000.00**
Resources - - - - -	**$3,000,000.00**

DIRECTORS—Warren Worth Bailey, Morris Berney, H. A. Crichton, Harry Doerr, S. J. Hillegas, John J. Huebner, E. Arthur James, George C. Jordan, Maurice Miller, David Ott, Wm. H. Strauss, J. R. Swope, Richard R. Thiele, John D. Walker, Charles Young

OFFICERS—Wm. H. Strauss, President; Charles Young, Vice President; Francis C. Martin, Cashier; W. W. Bailey, Second Vice President; Morrison J. Lewis, Assistant Cashier.

OTTO FRANKE

Pharmacist

Corner Franklin and Haynes St.
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Mary—"I think he is regular cave man with women."
Ruth—"Tough? I should say so. He even writes his notes with a hard pencil."

A Mental Test for General Use

(Answers on Page 10006)

1. When was the War of 1812?
2. From what province of France was Joan of Arc?
3. Who is the author of Macaulay's History of England?
4. What two countries were the participants in the Spanish-American War?
5. In what season of the year did Washington spend his winter in Valley Forge?
6. Tell about the Swiss Navy.
7. What form of government exists in the Argentine Republic?

Certainly

Teacher (after lesson on snow)—"As we walk out on a cold day and look around, what do we see on every hand?"
Pupil—"Gloves!"
—Life.

EAT AT BARD'S QUICK LUNCH CAFE AND BAKERY

Special line of Breads, Rolls and Pastries Baked Daily for the Home

523 Main Street **Johnstown, Pa.**

All High School Girls --

Will find, by experience,

that they can get the most

Beautiful and Latest--Style

Dresses and other Apparel

at very resonable prices at

WIDENER'S

Johnstown's Style Center

MAIN STREET

MODERN PHOTO FINISHING

Enlarging and Oil Colors. Satisfaction guaranteed. Prices right. Prompt service.

REYNOLD'S
Drug and Kodak Store
205-7 Franklin St.

The Plumber—"I've called to see the old geyser."
Jeams—"'Er ladyship's not at 'ome."

Something to Strive For

Lives of master crooks remind us,
We may do a bit of time,
And, departing, leave behind us
Thumb-prints in the charts of crime.
—Hooked.

All Said and Done

The speedometer said sixty miles an hour.
The constable said it was ninety.
The natives said it was a crime.
He said it was the life.
His friends said it with flowers.

FIRST : NATIONAL : BANK

Corner Main and Franklin Sts., Johnstown, Pa.

Capital, Surplus and Profits	$1,400,000.00
Total Resources	$14,000,000.00

Interest Paid on Time Deposits

Your Photographer
——— *Always*

The **Hornick Studio**
543 Main Street

The Way To Win - -

In most games half of the skill is getting in a good position for the next shot, the next move or the next play. The player who can do this has a great advantage.

Saving money can be made an interesting game. The person who saves is always in an advantageous position to make the next move. Saving will help you win.

The United States National Bank

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Sing Singers

Miss Findlay—"What kind of birds are frequently kept in captivity?"

Eugene L.—"Jail birds." —Krkt.

They Went

"Darling, I've made up my mind to stay at home."

"Too late, George—I've made up my face to go out."

—The Bulletin.

BUILD WITH

Thomas-Kinzey Lumber

Office

548 HORNER STREET,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

SCHERER & KELLY'S

Cambria THEATRE

All High Class Road Attractions and the Pick of the Very Best

in

Photoplays Always

Orchestra Under Direction of Robert K. Findley

SCHERER & KELLY'S

THE NEW PARK

Hear the Wonderful New

$15,000 ORGAN

Playing Music that Fits the Picture

Theater Open Daily from 11 to 11

"Growing

with

Johnstown

Farmer's Trust & Mortgage Co.

One Thing Saved

"The thief took my watch, my purse, my pocketbook—in short, everything."

"But I thought you carried a loaded revolver."

"I do—but he didn't find that."

Mrs. Roudabush—"Nobody ever heard of a sentence without a predicate."

Winston D.—"I have."

Mrs. R.—"What is it?"

Winston—"Thirty days."

Keating Hats - -

Introducing the Hats for Summer wear.

By Sue R. Keating

Congratulations

Weigel & Barber, 204 Bedford St., Johnstown, Pa., the Printers of the Spectator, extend to the Graduating Class their hearty congratulations, and hope that the future of each and every one will be overflowing with success. May good health and happiness accompany you

C. A. Young Co.

Manufacturers of

DIXIE

PORK

PRODUCTS

A Drop Too Much

"I think I'll drop in on the boys," said the miner as he fell down the shaft.

The Nerve of Him

Traffic Cop—"Say, you! Didn't you see me wave at you?"

Mirandy—"Yes, you fresh thing, and if Henry were here he'd paste you one for it."

A Real Camera for $1.50

It's an Ansco you can buy this No. O Buster Brown and two rolls of the new Ansco Speedex Film for

$2.00

at

SWART'S PHARMACY

Central Ave.

KLINE'S—The Quality Store at City Hall Square

Quality---

Coats, Suits, Dresses
Exclusive But Not Expensive

Kline's

Tender Memories

I rose and gave her my seat;
I could not let her stand—
She made me think of mother, with
That strap held in her hand.

—Orange Judd.

First Flea—"Been on a vacation?"

Second Ditto—"Nope; been on a tramp."

She (petulantly)—"Jack, you make love like an amateur."

He—"That's where the art comes in."

"What makes such a bad smell about the post-office?" asked one man of another.

"I know, pa," interrupted little Johnny.

"What, my son?"

"Why, it's the dead letters."

For The "Grad"

Ideal Gifts—for Girls—for Boys

HAPPY remembrances for the Graduation—costing little or costing a substantial amount. Wonderful assortments of Watches and other Jewelry Gifts appropriate to the occasion.

United Jewelers

Main Street—Next Door to Kredel's Drug Store

Alertness

"Give me a glass of charged water."
"Nothing doing—everything is cash."
"Mountain Echo."

They Do

First Stenog—"The idea of your working steady eight hours a day. I would not think of such a thing."

Second Stenog—"Neither would I. It was the boss that thought it."
Exch.

Treat at Kredel's

FINEST Candies! Delicious Soda Fountain Good Things! For many years we have been enjoying the student patronage of Johnstown. And we fully appreciate it.

Kodaks and Supplies

Kredel's Drug Store

510 Main Street

Most of the Better Cars are

Equipped with

HARTFORD OR

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD

TIRES

The

Johnstown Automobile Co.

DISTRIBUTORS

Lost in the Mail

Uncle Josh—"I just had a letter from an automobile fellow, saying as how he wants to sell me an inclosed flivver."

Uncle Si—"Are you going to buy it."

Uncle Josh—"I dunno. I got the letter but there wasn't no flivver inclosed." Ex.

"Here I sit in misery,
My head is in my lap;
The other chaps have passed me by,
And I am left to laugh or cry, because I flunked."

"Green-Witch"

"What is Algebra?"

"A short way of doing Arithmetic."

"You have to take it two years. I don't see anything short about that." "H. S. Herald."

Boy—"I've never kissed a girl."

Girl—"Run along then. I'm not a prep school."

"Hi-Spice."

Artistic Jewelry Gifts--

of all descriptions at

Slutzker's

---the Reliable Jeweler and Optometrist

112 Market Street

Our Name Assures Quality and Satisfaction

Thirty-Six Years of Practice at Your Service

FINEST WATCH AND JEWELRY REPAIR

OUR PRICES ARE VERY MODERATE

We Live to Learn

Bishop—"I never knew until I got a car that profanity was so prevalent."

Lehman—"Do you hear much of it on the road?"

"Yes, nearly everyone I bump into swears dreadfully."

Exch.

She—"No, you don't. I'm saving my kisses."

He—"Then let me add to the collection."

Prof.—"Now just what method would you use to illustrate for children that steam is invisible?"

Bright S.—"Have them stick their fingers in it."

"Argus."

English History Prof.—"What do you know of the 'Age of Elizabeth'?"

Sleepy Soph—"She'll be eighteen next month."

"Orange and Black."

"I am cheerleader for the florists."

"What do you mean?"

"I root for them." Ex.